

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,409, Vol. 92.

28 December, 1901.

6d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	793	VERSE :		CORRESPONDENCE (<i>continued</i>) :	
LEADING ARTICLES :		An Old Quartette. By W. Sichel	803	High-toned Isolation. By R. B. Cunninghamham Graham	808
South Africa at the Year's End	796	CORRESPONDENCE :		REVIEWS :	
Business in 1901	797	England and America. By Henry Bryden	806	The Untranslatable in Poetry	808
The Rate-payers' Friend	798	The March of Protection. By E. Wake Cook	806	Paste and Scissors Scholarship	810
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES :		Boer Methods. By Hervey de Montmorency	807	The Oxford Dictionary	810
After the Witching Year	799	The Education of Officers. By T. M. Maguire	807	Jews and Judaism	811
Lost Caste	799	A Correction. By Ethelred L. Taunton	808	Sir William Molesworth	811
Through Cobbett's Country. By W. H. Hudson	800			Vanishing Africans	812
Two of the Christmas Plays	802			NOVELS	813
Music of the Past Year	804			NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS	813
Insurance Improvements	805			FRENCH LITERATURE	814

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Boers have an awkward habit of taking British posts at a disadvantage on occasions when there is talk of peace. As happened last Christmas, and on the eve of 15 September, the enemy have again inflicted a reverse which is unpleasant though in no sense so serious as the more sensational section of the daily press would make out. The renewal of the aggressive activity of the Boers may be taken in connexion with the growing desire for peace and the rapid extension of the blockhouse system. It is known for the first time that discussion between Boer commanders and their men has been proceeding on the question of surrender and it may well be that the irreconcilables wished again to stimulate the fighting spirit. No fewer than five sharp engagements were reported on Tuesday, and yesterday morning came news of the rushing of the Imperial Yeomanry Camp at Tweefontein.

The extent of country over which the first attacks occurred shows the ease with which the Boers communicate. In one of the five encounters we were worsted. A scattered force of about two hundred mounted infantry were "overwhelmed" on their way to Beginderlyn; it was a mishap; but so long as there are 1,000 Boers in the field they will have chances of rapidly concentrating at a given spot. It is worth notice that forty armed natives took part in this attack. Near Heilbron Colonel Damant was vigorously attacked and a part of his force were roughly handled at first, but a fine charge turned the position and the enemy were driven off. In the Orange River Colony De Wet was repulsed after four hours' fighting by General Dartnell, but lost no time in turning the tables on Colonel Firman at Tweefontein, where Lord Kitchener fears our losses were heavy. While we deplore the losses suffered during the week, the losses on the Boer side are incomparably more serious. Lord Kitchener's weekly report showed that the forces of the enemy have been depleted by another 415 in killed, wounded, surrenders and prisoners.

Lord Kitchener has sent the further evidence which he promised concerning the treatment of natives by the Boers. The details are more horrible than we care to

repeat; it is more than enough to know that natives have been taken and burned alive with deliberate malignity. It is unpleasant to have to confess that articles have been printed in England attempting to justify this ghastly torture; nor is it much comfort to feel that in no other country in Europe could such venomous misrepresentations be permitted. The Boers and the Cape Dutch hate as they have always hated the native. Though the natives in their bulk have longed to take vengeance this country has spent a great amount of energy and money in keeping the war to white men. It was only by admirable tact and tenacity that the Basutos were held from coming down from their hills and fighting a war which they understood almost as well as the Gurkhas. Those at home or abroad who defend the Boer in his treatment of the native foster a lie in the soul and confess that these humane sentiments are a mere pretext for venomous racial malignity.

Reverberations from Lord Rosebery's Chesterfield speech are still heard, in England and abroad; and one of the truest compliments Lord Rosebery has yet received is his disfavour among the Dutch. Curiously his dramatic picture, so brilliantly vitalised by Mr. F. C. Gould, of the casual meeting between Mr. Kruger and some globe-trotting statesman in an obscure inn has received the severest and most serious criticism. In England it was regarded as one of those lightnesses which interrupt the serious utterance of Lord Rosebery much as their irrepressible mockeries break the seeming seriousness of Mr. Shaw's plays. To the Dutch the suggestion, taken in all gravity, condemns Lord Rosebery as a statesman. "Did he not even know that Mr. Schalk Burger was President? And did he not see that if Mr. Kruger had been head of the Boer State and in a position to treat with England, the French and the Dutch who entertained him in their midst were laying themselves open to a serious diplomatic rebuff?" If the Boers want peace it is always open to them; and it will not be brought nearer by any stagey intriguing for a haphazard meeting over a pot of beer in the Netherlands or a glass of very dear brandy on the veldt. Mr. Schalk Burger knows where to find Lord Kitchener, though Lord Kitchener does not always know where to find Mr. Schalk Burger.

Considering that he is probably its least regular attendant, Lord Rosebery has done well by the Epsom Urban District Council. He has advertised it on every possible occasion and in return the Epsom Urban Council has given Lord Rosebery a cheap reputation for municipal fervour. At Swansea he made many efforts

to speak with the seriousness of an ex-chairman of the London County Council but in spite of himself he continually fell back into the puerilities of Epsom. One may agree with most of what he said in the quasi-serious interludes without feeling admiration. We all agree that personal service is a citizen's duty; we know that the House of Commons is not a scientific governing machine; and no one will dispute with Lord Rosebery when he argues that councillors who run into extravagant debts and insist on their individual hobbies—of which Lord Rosebery says there are some forty million odd—are not good servants of the State. As to how these deficiencies are to be cured Lord Rosebery gives one practical suggestion: that the ratepayers in each district should have a vigilance committee to demand efficiency and economy in local expenditure. If the ratepayers on that committee grumbled as ratepayers usually do, there are not many eminent men who will be encouraged to offer their personal service to municipal government.

Lord Rosebery's comments on the exuberance of Welsh enthusiasms have been taken perhaps correctly by a section of the Radical press as a hint that Welsh Disestablishment has been cleared off the Liberal slate. This of itself need not necessarily lose his Welsh support. Mr. Gladstone did his best to shelve the question and notoriously disliked Mr. Asquith's Bill; yet Cambria adored him—while there was a time not so long distant when Mr. Chamberlain, always an out-and-out Liberationist, was a greater object of dislike to Welshmen than is Mr. Lloyd-George to-day to the sons of Birmingham. But then Mr. Gladstone understood his Wales. Witness his speech at the Wrexham Eisteddfod—which made Welsh parson and Welsh dissenting minister fall on each other's necks with hilarious enthusiasm. Does Lord Rosebery? Hardly if the stories circulating in the Welsh press about his action at the Swansea bookstall are true. He refused, they say, to purchase Professor Owen Edwards' History of Wales when pressed to buy the same. He bought a book of Conan Doyle's instead. Mr. Gladstone would have instinctively avoided a mistake, which will put up the backs of the Calvinistic Methodists for many a year against his would-be successor. Had Lord Rosebery bought and read the book, he would have learned how little the Welshman is to be won by the policy of the grander sewage. Oh, but he bought the "Christian World"—blunder two. Since the war dissenting English journals have been anathema to the Welsh preacher. Was not the "Goleuad" the vernacular (and let us add exceedingly well-written) organ of the Calvinistic Methodists for sale? But Lord Rosebery could not have understood it. What matter? The itinerant preacher would have filled the Welsh press and edified the circle round the farmhouse fire with touching legends of his lordship's piety.

It is a charming thing, not only to be very affluent and fresh and leisured yourself, but to assume that other people are so too. It may flatter them, it helps to shut out from your own mind things sordid and repellent. It is Lord Rosebery's lot to lie in the roses and feed on the lilies of life, but until we read his speech at Swansea we had somehow never thought of our prosaic modern Bumbles, of the worthy men of municipal activities, as being similarly circumstanced. Thank your happy stars that you have not decided to go into Parliament and waste your time walking through the lobbies, was in effect what he said to the Swansea sybarites. Why, gentlemen, if you had, you would have missed almost the greatest of the Almighty's gifts to man—June and July in the country. Fancy what an escape Bumble had when he refrained from going into Parliament! By the way, Lord Rosebery might do well to keep his eye on this country enthusiasm idea: it is fresh: it is one of the things he has not yet made a graceful speech upon. A popular all-round statesman might do worse than dress it up for a corner in the shop front.

The dispute between Chile and Argentina has been arranged; but the actual terms of the agreement have

not yet been published. Apparently it is a common-sense compromise of a difference which its ostensible causes could never have produced except in a soil well prepared for disputes. In fact, Aristotle's dictum that the occasions, but not the causes, of seditions are small fits more nearly than critics allow this quarrel between Argentina and Chile. On the face of things the outbreak of bad feeling, the calling out of troops, the diplomatic protestations, the recalling of the Argentine ambassador from Santiago were the result of a dispute as to the temporary occupation of certain unconsidered bits of land running up into the Andes: some of which find no mention even in our bigger maps. But the truth is both nations are expanding in more ways than one and the time has come when the expansion of the one tends to interfere with the expansion of the other.

It is satisfactory that both Chile and Argentina seem to have complete confidence in the British Government as a tribunal of arbitration, having referred the question of ownership in 1888 and now certain further points by express direction. The settlement of the dispute concerns England closely, if only for the immense amount of British capital invested in both States. And yet we have the "Times" putting forward the claims of the United States and suggesting that a mere unofficial expression of opinion from the American people should be sufficient to restore serenity. This is simply to use language insulting to both Chile and Argentina. On what ground should either of the two republics regard such interference as anything but officious, if not insolent? Even the "Débats", which has no Anglophil prejudice, took the "Times" to task and urged with very good sense that as arbitrators on the essential points we should persist, so far as may be, in trying to reconcile the two republics also on these accidental aggregations to the original dispute. We do not yet wish the Americans to do our work for us.

Most details concerned with the Schley inquiry are calculated to astonish citizens of all countries less new than America. An engineer employee wrote a sort of historical textbook in which reflections are cast on the courage and skill of Admiral Schley. Between public curiosity and military jealousy the accusations became so enlarged and offensive that Admiral Schley very properly demanded an inquiry. It was held and Admiral Schley was condemned, so to say, on many important points. Those who have read the evidence published will agree with the minority, among whom was Admiral Dewey, that very little was the matter with Admiral Schley's strategy and nothing with his courage. However the finding of the court was upheld and the unpleasant business proclaimed officially at an end. The public were largely adverse to the judgment and among the rest General Miles, who of course was interviewed. For his expression of opinion, which he justified on the ground that he was exercising the right of a private citizen, he was first reprimanded by a letter and afterwards had up like a naughty schoolboy before the President and with the full force of the President's powerful voice told before a considerable assembly that as Commander-in-Chief he ought to mind his own business. By way of adding to the general silliness one of the American papers justifies Admiral Schley by a reference to Nelson, who, we are glad to know, disobeyed the orders of Admiral Jervis in attacking the French at Trafalgar, but after his success was greeted with a tearful embrace of congratulation! Such is the force of historic accuracy in the States.

Amid the many important manœuvres of which China is still the scene, some few people have found time to notice the stately return of the Chinese Court towards Peking. Its first parting was sped but its journey home has not the same motive power. However the province of Pechili has been reached and the Dowager Empress has ordered the bestowal of special rites on the water-sprites for their safe conveyance of the court over the Yellow River. It has been suggested that the extreme slowness of the journey back has been arranged with the idea of impressing Chinamen with

the notion that the court was making an official tour for its own pleasure; but it is not unlikely that the Dowager Empress has some qualms in revisiting Peking and does not feel as sure of her future there as once she did. Some doubts have been expressed whether Peking is really the object of the journey; but the selection of another capital would too certainly imply defeat and would involve the surrender of many things more worthy in the eyes of the Dowager Empress even than the water-sprites.

It is clear that the status quo in the Persian Gulf is not to remain undisturbed. According to the recent reports the Turkish flag was hoisted at Koweit and by the intervention of the British naval commander was promptly hauled down and replaced by the Shaikh's ensign. At the same time inducements were offered to the Shaikh to proceed to Constantinople and formally admit the Sultan's suzerainty. Encouraged by British support and looking at the vestigia nulla retrorsum, the Shaikh prudently elected to stay at home. Apparently this firm action has led the Porte to disclaim the proceedings of its local officials and tranquillity has been restored at Koweit. This is not the end of the business. More significant is the presence of a Russian cruiser making observations at Bunder Abbas, which appears to be the point favoured by Russia as its future naval basis, in spite of its bad harbour and unhealthy surroundings. It would be a convenient terminus for a railway, if one is practicable, connecting the sea coast with the Central Asiatic system. It cannot be too often repeated that the menace to English interests in the Gulf is to be found not at Berlin or Constantinople but at S. Petersburg.

The "S." that Mr. Marconi's instruments hissed across the Atlantic has caused needless alarm. It would seem that even the Anglo-American Cable Company are becoming a little ashamed of their exhibition of fear and are withdrawing their ban, and the directors are sheltering themselves behind a subordinate. The last proposal is that Mr. Marconi should return to Newfoundland and pay the company a royalty on any commercial messages sent or received. It is rumoured that even Mr. Chamberlain has been called in to adjust this dispute; but as Mr. Marconi is receiving in Canada hospitality and many invitations to conduct his experiments from there, he will not risk the royalties. There is a growing belief that the communication was actual and not caused by those electric interferences which M. Tesla interpreted as coming from Mars; and American papers have already worked out the probable cost of these aerial messages per word. It is conceivably fortunate for the Cable Company that their monopoly only lasts two more years; but to imagine that long messages will be immediately transferred by the new system with accuracy enough to be commercially valuable shows a credulity which is the special weakness of men of science and members of the Stock Exchange.

For many years with admirable persistence the Post Office authorities have striven to induce the public to post early, and at last the importunity of the notices on all the pillar boxes and at all the post offices has begun to exercise its influence. Christmas packages began to arrive a fortnight ago; the hand trolleys of the postman were brought out at least a week earlier than usual, and there are instances of people who bought their Christmas presents in November. This thoughtfulness for the Post Office benefited indirectly the shop assistants who perhaps suffer from Christmas preparations more than any other class. That there was overtime work in plenty goes without saying; but there did not seem to be either in the big shops or the so-called co-operative stores that cumulative burden of work which has often overpowered many of the weaker workers. "Buy early" is a more emphatic duty than "post early"; and obedience to it involves the happy avoidance of that least polite of persons, the lady who is in a hurry. Her purchases may be designed ultimately to give pleasure; in the acquirement they certainly cause the maximum of irritation.

On Monday the Liverpool Bank case was again before Mr. Fenwick at Bow Street, and in addition to the prisoners Goudie, Burge and Kelly another man named William Haines Stiles was placed in the dock for the first time, on the charge of being concerned in the frauds. Evidence was given as to the opening of an account at the London and City Bank by Lawrence A. Marks, whose name has been mentioned in connexion with these proceedings and who is now said to be dead, with a cheque drawn by "Hudson" on the Bank of Liverpool, and as to a cheque for £7,500 drawn on the account in the name of Burge. Other evidence related to the connexion of the prisoners with Marks, and as to the acquaintance with them of Goudie and communications by the latter with them at Liverpool and Southport. Stiles was also shown to have known Goudie and the other prisoners. None of the prisoners have been allowed bail and they have been remanded for another week.

A recent notorious trial at the Old Bailey was characterised by the breach of a well-known rule at the Bar that a prosecuting counsel is to lay the facts, without heat or pressure, before the court, especially when the prisoner has no counsel. Yet the Solicitor-General in his opening speech referred to an undefended prisoner as "the wretch who has ruined this young girl"; whether he were a wretch, and whether he had ruined the girl being the very facts the jury had to decide. Then he apostrophised the two prisoners as "villains", and described them as a "hellish gang". Such language would be most reprehensible in the youngest counsel, and if a junior barrister had dared to use it he would have been immediately and sternly rebuked. The freedom of counsel in their speech may easily degenerate into license, as a recent event in the Court of Appeal shows, and any such tendency should be severely checked in the interests of the public and the profession. The more obviously guilty a prisoner may be, the more strictly he ought to be treated according to the rules of the game.

Sir Edward Fry's award in the Grimsby Fishing Trade Arbitration rejects the plan of the masters, about which the dispute arose, for the payment of the men solely on the share system. It establishes the system of payment by a fixed minimum wage for each class of hands plus a certain share according to poundage. During the course of the dispute terms of this sort were discussed but no agreement could be made. The award on this same basis allows a less rate of wages than the men demanded, but a higher rate of poundage than the employers offered. The next important point made by the men that they should sign on and off their engagements at the Board of Trade offices alone and not elsewhere has been granted by the Arbitrator. This protects the masters from dishonest men who made a practice of entering into engagements with several masters at different offices. But above all it is a protection to the men who secure that accounts are rendered to them of what they are entitled to receive under the impartial auditorship of a Board of Trade official.

Very minute directions are laid down for carrying out these general principles; but there are also exceedingly detailed rules set out for the division of labour on board during voyages and in dock by each class of men engaged. Uncertainty as to what kind of work belongs to what class of men, a difficulty that must arise when conditions of labour are changing as they do so rapidly now, easily gives rise to disputes. No part of Sir Edward Fry's extremely able award is more important and valuable; and it is quite a gratuitous supposition on the part of the "Times", in accordance with its parti pris, that these regulations are necessary on account of the shiftiness of the men perverted by trade unionism. It is neither fair nor sensible to blame the men as if they wanted to shirk their work and put it on somebody else. Whatever may be the class of workers from the highest to the lowest none like to do the work of others; not because they are lazy but because it is liable to unfairness and

abuse of various kinds. This is not trade unionism but a natural result. The really deplorable thing is that the dispute at an early stage did not automatically and compulsorily come before Sir Edward Fry.

A memorandum just issued by the Roads Improvement Association on the reform of the existing system of highway administration deserves the most careful attention. The Association has also prepared a Bill which it is intended to introduce in the approaching session of Parliament. Few people are aware of the chaos in highway administration and what injury is inflicted on individuals and the country by it. In France the admirable road system has contributed more to the general prosperity and especially to rural prosperity than the railways. In England the multiplication of road authorities and the friction amongst them prevents any system founded on common sense and convenience being established and it is hard to say which suffers more loss, town or country. The districts round towns like London and Manchester grow up without any scheme of roads connecting them with the main roads from the towns, and when these latter ultimately overtake the suburbs immense sums have to be spent in clearances for widening the streets, and nearly all the large towns are spending huge sums of money for purposes which would never have been necessary if a central administration had worked out a rational design for the country as a whole. The cities must spread and the new modes of traction join rural and urban districts almost into one, but it is essential to success that there should be a new system of highway administration.

The headmasters who assembled in conference at Cambridge discussed as usual too many things at too great length. Much of what was said concerns no one. Pious opinions about the nature of the great Education Bill that is to come are natural enough in the mouths of the doyens of education, but the conference has no executive and no methods of making its ideas felt; it is in this way even worse than conferences usually are and would be wise to keep the debates close to details of education, which lie within the immediate jurisdiction of the great public schools themselves. In this sphere Dr. Rendall's motion on the mistake of set books in examination contained a valuable recommendation which should be followed up. In lower forms the preparing of set books is principally a question of learning by heart. Small amounts are taken up and these are revised again and again solely for the sake of success in examination. Instances are not rare of boys in examination continuing a piece of translation some lines beyond the amount set on the paper. Having been set going, they had no need to look at the paper before them or to stop till they felt inclined. "Psittacus loquitur" is the first sentence in the old syntax, and some headmasters do not yet realise that it is not the first principle of education.

At the court held on Tuesday no change was made in the Bank rate: the usual weekly statement is not yet issued at the time of writing. The funds have not been so strong during the past week and British Railways have also been irregular. The principal point of interest outside of the South African market has been the fluctuation in the price of Argentine Bonds. The prospect of war between Chile and Argentina made serious inroads on quotations of all the obligations of the latter country but the reassuring news lately to hand of the present position of affairs has resulted in a reaction extending throughout the list, marking a recovery of from 4 to 5 per cent. The South African market has been animated and the account just closed is probably the heaviest for the past two years; the news of the recent surprise by De Wet has had no effect on prices which close very firm. The American market has been largely neglected but the more recent advices from New York point to a renewal of activity with the New Year, and most stocks show a substantial advance on the week. Consols 94. Bank rate 4 per cent. (31 October, 1901).

SOUTH AFRICA AT THE YEAR'S END.

TO the uninitiated newspaper-reader the fighting in South Africa must often have resembled nothing so much as a game of blindman's buff, in which the Boers dealt swift blows against a clumsy enemy, whose grip, however, they could not always elude. But now, as we look back upon the year's operations, we can discern both the method and result of Lord Kitchener's plan. It was (1) to keep the Boers moving, and so prevent them from concentrating any force sufficient for a serious attack; (2) to protect the railways by block-houses and so set free as many men as possible for the pursuit of the commandos; (3) to rope off the chief industrial areas in the Transvaal, Orange River, and Cape Colonies, so that the resumption of normal life within these districts need not be delayed until the last commando was destroyed; and (4) to push the lines of these protected areas outwards, and gradually drive the Boer guerillas back into the wastes, where they would be comparatively harmless. At the same time a greater or less proportion of the forces at Lord Kitchener's disposal have been continuously engaged in reducing the number of the Boers in the field.

Thus Lord Kitchener had not only to reduce the Boers, but also to prepare the way for the resumption of industrial life at the first possible opportunity. When the third stage was reached, Lord Milner returned from England, and took up the task of constructing a scheme of civil administration. If we may judge from the tone of the political speeches recently delivered, the items of his progress, doled out in telegraphic messages, have produced little effect upon the public mind. But these items, when summarised, show a significant advance.

The main lines of railway, which converge on Johannesburg from Capetown, Port Elizabeth, Durban, and Delagoa Bay, are provided with rolling stock and ready for traffic. Even Rhodesia can get its mining plant through from Capetown. With food supplies assured, the Outlanders are being allowed to return in increasing numbers. On the Rand more mines are being worked every week, the Stock Exchange has been opened, provision has been made for an adequate supply of native labour, and the streets of Johannesburg have resumed their normal appearance. In the protected area of the Orange River Colony the grip of military exigencies is also relaxed. The railway brings supplies to Bloemfontein in sufficient quantities to make it unnecessary for the military authorities to supervise and distribute them. Prices are once more fixed, not by proclamation, but by supply and demand. And here too the mines are resuming work. In the Transvaal the administrative problems which are directly connected with the gold industry have been taken in hand. A code of laws regulating the relations between the native labourers and their European employers has been proclaimed. By the provisions of this code the native is protected against oppression and robbery at the hands of unscrupulous agents; and the liquor traffic—the chief cause of the insubordination and incapacity of the native employee—has been sternly repressed. Under the new administration to supply a native with liquor becomes an offence punishable by severe penalties. The necessity of the "pass" system in the interests of public security is recognised; but, while the system is maintained, modifications have been introduced which will protect the educated native from unnecessary humiliation, and the coloured population in general from petty oppression. A commission, over which Sir Richard Solomon, the Transvaal Attorney-General, presides, is considering the existing gold laws, with a view to introduce such modifications as the best local experience and the financial interests of the colony may suggest: and thus the way is being prepared for that extension of the gold industry which is expected to be one of the first results of the establishment of British rule. Even as it is, the awakening industrial life of the Rand has provided the civil administration of the colony with a revenue sufficient for its present needs.

These are measures which promise the restoration and expansion of the industrial life of South Africa at no distant date. Even more significant are two small

items of information, which, unsensational as they are, nevertheless embody the commencement of an all-important enterprise. Some months ago it was reported that Mr. Willcocks, of the Egyptian Irrigation Service, was in Pretoria, devising a scheme of irrigation for the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies. More recently we learnt that the first Yeomen settlers had been established on Government farms in the latter colony, and that the Land Settlement Board had sown some 8,000 boxes of French seed potatoes. Readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW will not need to be reminded of the importance of irrigation and English immigration—irrigation to fertilise the barren veldt, English immigrants to settle on the land and mingle with the Boers. In these two measures we have the key to the nationality difficulty in South Africa. Progress in the direction of these measures is progress of the most vital kind.

This record is the more creditable in view of the fact that in the midst of his legitimate administrative work Lord Milner was called upon to reform the Concentration Camps. The decision to break up the larger camps into camps of more manageable size, and to place the whole system under the supervision and control of officers experienced in the management of the plague and famine camps in India, is a wise one. It promises to close an ugly matter. But of all the hopeful signs of the last three months the presence of Mr. Willcocks and the settlement of these British Yeomen convey the most assured prospect of ultimate success. They mean that England has done well to place its confidence in Lord Kitchener and Lord Milner: that the time will come when South Africa will be no longer "the grave of reputations", but a record of the courage and endurance of the British army and an example of what a nation's resolution can effect.

BUSINESS IN 1901.

WE reviewed in our penultimate issue the market for mining shares; it may now be interesting to look back upon the main movements during 1901 in other departments of the Stock Exchange. It certainly has been a trying year, full of painful incidents and shocks, which in countries less wealthy than Great Britain and the United States would certainly have produced panics. There has been nothing approaching a panic, indeed money, so often the dominating factor, has had no influence upon the prices of securities, because it has been neither cheap nor dear. The Bank rate was fixed at 4 per cent. on 21 February; was reduced to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on 6 June; and to 3 per cent. on 13 June; was again raised to 4 per cent. on 31 October, and now stands at that figure. Perhaps the financial history of the markets may best be summarised by saying that we have had one boom and three slumps, not a cheerful record, particularly as the boom was in the American market, and the slumps have been in Consols, British railways, and copper. The premier security of Great Britain has fallen from $97\frac{1}{2}$ to 91, nearly eight points, giving an average price for the year of $94\frac{1}{2}$. This is a very heavy fall for Consols, and not since the reduction of interest to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in 1888 has the average price been so low. We have to go back no less than twenty-six years for a lower average price of Consols, to 1875, when it was $93\frac{1}{2}$. This decline is of course due to the enormous expenditure on the war, and the consequent issue of fresh Consols and a war loan. But it must not be supposed that war loans are the only things that bring Consols down. Only five years ago, in 1897, the mean price for Consols was 112 $\frac{1}{2}$, and in that year, unless our memory betrays us, it touched 114. From 114 to 91 is twenty-three points, and a security which falls 23 per cent. in five years has clearly lost its character. The truth is that our municipal loans are a more stable investment than Consols, and more remunerative in interest; but they have the disadvantage of not being liquid, as their sale is generally matter of negotiation, whereas Consols can always be sold for cash. Consols have risen considerably from the lowest point in the last week, because people hope that there will be a Transvaal loan, and are at any rate

certain that the Government will not have to borrow on so large a scale as last year. Should the war come to an end soon, Consols will certainly rise still more, but we doubt if they will ever again go much over par, if for no other reason, because the interest is to be reduced in 1903 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

Consols however are not the only stocks that have lost their character of late. Another of the British banker's cherished illusions has gone by the board this year, his belief, namely, in the securities of the leading British railways. Great Eastern Ordinary stock has fallen from 112 to 91, Great Western from 149 to 131, London and South-Western from 192 to 162, and London and North-Western from 180 to 158 $\frac{1}{2}$. There has been a considerable improvement during the last fortnight from the lowest points; still the fall is very considerable, and follows on the declines of 1900. We cannot see much hope for the holders of ordinary stock in our railways until the pernicious system of charging betterments to capital instead of to revenue is changed, and until some science is applied to the administration of our lines. There seems to be a dearth of really able managers, and the British shareholder still clings childishly to his amateur chairman and his ornamental board. One or two drastic schemes of reconstruction, à l'Américaine, which are inevitable, may perhaps arouse the patient ass to seek and adequately to reward the organising brain.

When the American boom was just getting under weigh in January, a well-known New York operator exclaimed, "Nothing can stop this, except the death of Queen Victoria or the President". It is striking that both these events should have happened, and that neither of them should have had the predicted effect. The death of the Queen in February had no effect upon the Stock Exchange, thanks to the stability of our political institutions. The assassination of President McKinley in September would unquestionably have produced a panic in Wall Street if the banks and the big financiers had not, on two successive Saturdays, stood with their backs to the wall and bought stocks. The first fall in prices was of course purely sentimental, as the Vice-President succeeds automatically, and Mr. McKinley had nothing to do with stocks and shares. But between January and May the boom raged, and some of the rises in the price of ordinary shares were sensational. Atchisons rose from 43 to $92\frac{1}{2}$; Milwaukeees from 148 to 194; Eries from 23 to 46; Union Pacifics from 79 to 133; and Northern Pacifics from 80 to 214, in London, and to 1,000 in New York. It was the latter stock, of course, that brought about the celebrated "corner" in May. Two rival groups, the Harriman crowd and the Morgan crowd, sent their brokers into the market to bid for Northern Pacific shares, and then that happened which it is wonderful does not happen oftener, people sold what they had not got and could not deliver. Then there came a real panic, for as Northern Pacifics went up, other stocks came rattling down as much as 30 points in a few hours. Those were the days of terror, when the bad broker slaughtered the stocks of the weak bull, for nothing makes men so cruel as fear, and when the good broker besought his client to keep his head and sit tight. Mr. Pierpont Morgan was hurriedly brought from Aix-les-Bains to London, a meeting was held in the City on Sunday, the Stock Exchange committee granted a moratorium for the fulfilment of contracts and the storm subsided.

The markets recovered with wonderful elasticity, but in less than two months began the strike of the employees of the United States Steel Trust. At one time it looked as if an industrial war was about to spread over the United States; but happily the strikers, who had chosen a wrong issue, were obliged to yield in a few weeks. As if this was not enough, we have had, "pour comble de malheur", the copper crash at the end of the year. The price of the metal has fallen from £68 a ton to £48, and Rio Tinto shares have tumbled from £61 to £40. This collapse in copper is a remarkable instance of miscalculation on the part of the Amalgamated Copper Company of the United States. Americans are usually supposed to be smart men of business: but their attempt to control the copper

market has been puerile. The laws of supply and demand are not to be trifled with even by American millionaires. There has been for some time past, obvious to the least alert, commercial depression in Germany and Austria. The European consumption of copper has been falling off for months. Yet in the face of this failing demand the American group fancied that they could maintain a purely artificial price for the metal, and at length they have been obliged to confess their mistake. How long the present copper war between the American and the European producers will last it is impossible to say. With the present extension of electrical undertakings, tramways, railways, and municipal lighting, the existing supplies of copper might quickly be absorbed, and the demand revive.

As for the American railway market there is some uncertainty, though we do not think there need be any uneasiness. The trade of the United States continues to be good, and the traffic returns of the railways continue to pile up increases over the huge gains of last year. But there is a prevalent impression that, in order to support their market through the various trials we have described, the big American houses have been obliged to borrow largely in London, Paris, and Berlin, and that this indebtedness has not yet been discharged. This may or may not be true: but, if it is true, it is clear that until these loans have been repaid, there cannot be monetary ease in New York, and, until all chance of embarrassment is removed, there cannot be a rise in prices. The Americans suffer from the fault of over-confidence in their own resources. In the London markets there seems every prospect that the opening of the year 1902 will witness a general revival of business.

THE RATE-PAYERS' FRIEND.

LORD ROSEBERY rather talked "about it and about" in his speech at Swansea on Saturday. His subject was municipal rates, and the great Progressive of the London County Council addressed to his former colleagues (in reality though nominally to the magnates of Swansea) a series of remarks which must be novel to them as coming from the personage who has usually directed their attention rather to the stimulating than the repressive view of municipal activities. In short Lord Rosebery on this occasion grumbled about the increase of rates with all the personal feeling and the accustomed vagueness of the aggrieved rate-payer. Apparently at Swansea he wanted to form a great national party on rates in something of the same style in which he endeavoured to form a Rosebery Imperial party at Chesterfield. We do not think much of the plan of ratepayers' associations. That is a stale device; it has often been tried and it always fails. It is a *reductio ad absurdum* of representative government. Why not have a second Ratepayers' Association to look after the first, and a third to look after the second, and so ad infinitum in the manner of the greater and the lesser parasites of the well-known lines? The actual Ratepayers' Association of history is not a body competent to know when it is getting twenty shillings value for the sovereign, but one determined as far as possible that the sovereign shall not be spent whatever value may be got for it. If it were an association of men with expert financial knowledge some hope might be possible of its being useful. But the Ratepayers' Association as it has existed in fact, and not as Lord Rosebery pictures it in his imagination, has had as little conception of finance as it has had of wider civic ideals and obligations. Usually it has consisted of the most sordid element of a community, and its notions have begun and ended with saving the rates. Into its mind there has never entered the thought that it is the law of civic life that the burdens of the city must constantly grow in proportion as individualism becomes unequal to modern conditions. Lord Rosebery's device really pre-supposes the breakdown of representative institutions though he dares not put the matter quite so plainly as that. His ideal vigilance committee would be an expert body very much like the permanent officials of Government de-

partments, or of the various local municipal bodies who are for the most part superior to the ordinary members of the bodies they serve. These do exercise a very considerable influence, and it would be a good argument that persons possessing their knowledge should be infused into the merely popular elected element on representative bodies. Lord Rosebery thinks that when a community shouts for some new toy or some new object of utility it ought to be possible for the town council or the municipal body to lay before it exactly how the town stands financially and how far it is able to afford it. That is harnessing the cart to the horse, because you will previously have had your elections at which the representatives have been chosen for the very purpose of going to the council or board in order to vote for the new toy or new object of utility. A check is no doubt wanted, but it must be applied somewhere within the body itself that has to work the municipal government. The vigilance committee must be inside. A body whose main idea is to cut down expenses is as likely to do harm to the community as the purely representative bodies who are invested with responsibility, but whom, as it appears, Lord Rosebery cannot now trust, judging from his review of the position of the Paris municipality and, we suspect, though he does not say so, of the London County Council at whom he seems to be casting an oblique glance. Else why should he, as he does, exclude the action of a vigilance committee from the operations of that Council only on the ground that it is too big to be checked?

Lord Rosebery's second "remedy" for municipal weakness is equally inconsistent with popular representation. It is an old complaint that members of the higher social ranks in the community do not take part in municipal life. But it is unfortunate for Lord Rosebery, if he wishes to retain his friendship with or his leadership of the Radicals and Progressives, that he should desire the aid of these classes for the purpose of keeping down the rates. That has been the objection of his friends of earlier days to any modification of the pure principle of democratic election. They always supposed that to wish to introduce a class of municipal members higher than those who usually offered themselves for election was a move of the party who wished by cutting down rates to check municipal enterprise. He has laid himself open to that construction, but he really intended to point out the value of this higher class of municipal members if their services could only be obtained. He reproaches them for their aloofness, for their selfishness. Not by any means for the first time he pointed out that the ordinary member of Parliament has by no means such opportunities for doing really useful work: and that is quite true. But the reflection again occurs: is not Lord Rosebery hinting at defects in popular representation? The results are not so noticeable in the larger representative bodies such as the County Councils. These carry on to a considerable extent the tradition of the management of county business by the country gentleman; and besides there is a co-optative element in their constitution which does not exist in the Borough Councils. Their numbers approach more nearly therefore the standard of the House of Commons, which still remains higher than it would otherwise be under a democratic electorate owing to the traditions from days when the popular element was less considerable than it has now become. We do not know what useful inference we can make from Lord Rosebery's speech unless it be that the present system of election to municipal bodies fails to draw into the service of the municipalities the best talent that the community supplies. It is an awkward fact; but merely lecturing the municipal mugwump is not of the least use. If Lord Rosebery had really been seriously considering the question, we might ask if he could not have suggested some method more effective than the present scramble of elections whose unpleasantness it is possible for a person in Lord Rosebery's peculiar position to ignore because he has never really been exposed to it. We must make one exception; his candidature for the leadership of the Liberal party; and his fastidiousness on that point has been as evident as that of the people whom he lectured at Swansea.

AFTER THE WITCHING YEAR.

THE first year of the new century has come—"But not yet gone". We had almost written "and gone", when we were reminded that the year has still nearly a century of hours in which to justify bodings and alarms. The soothsayer has still his chance against us. We may yet be overwhelmed by some vast catastrophe before this first year of the twentieth century is accomplished. But the year, save for one national sorrow, has been so entirely ordinary that we can hardly be blamed if we feel tolerably secure against any dire commotion in the interval between now and Wednesday next. The death of Queen Victoria was indeed a national event that marks the year as standing apart in the history of this country. Regarded in the perspective of the present, it might seem to be graven on the history of the whole world and for all time. But the fate of former kings, without whom the world was simply inconceivable to their subjects and their enemies, forbids us to postulate eternity for the memory of any monarch. Certainly, however, Queen Victoria's death will mark the twentieth century to its last year, and in that our soothsayers may claim a justification of their prophecies and portents. But a natural event, in none of its circumstances unnatural, is no portent, and the prognosticators of prodigies must be content to give up even the death and birth of a century as an occasion for wonders. In the absence of any such startling manifestations, these disappointed prophets may think the world is indeed growing very old, "plodding the last sands of life, where not a flower appears". Any way it appears undoubtedly true that the world is jogging along exactly as it did before; the century has come but brought with it nothing new into the world. It is curious how hard the faith in *fin de siècle* miracles dies. We have known hard-headed educated men who steadily insisted that somehow or another, they did not know why, extraordinary things did happen at the end of centuries. So much so that it almost seems a pity that an event which had well nigh stirred us out of our dull scepticism has passed away without giving any justification for relapse into credulity. Not that there is any sort of justification for belief in the magic of the centuries. What is a century? nothing: a figment of the imagination; having no objective existence whatever. It is purely artificial: it corresponds with nothing in nature. The end of one century and the beginning of another is merely the division of air by the stroke of a knife, as though you should flourish a sword and say that the air on one side of its passage shall become one substance and the air on the other side another. The association of moral or intellectual characteristics with centuries is thus purely absurd, as many who have attempted to deal with the "mind" or the "soul" of a century have pointed out. They always find that every century began before it did, or after, and did not come to an end till long after its last year, whether you throw in the hundred and first year or not. Which is to say the phenomena investigated have no connexion at all with the century they are supposed to characterise.

One may with legitimate curiosity wonder where the historian and philosopher will put the beginning and ending of the nineteenth century. At present it does not look like having any end at all. For it will only end by some great cataclysm in the material world, or by the turn of some new and intense conviction or the revivifying enhancement of an old one. This century cannot come to an end by the relinquishing of any old beliefs; it will be constructive not iconoclastic force that gives it its coup de grâce. Nothing is now believed strongly enough for any doubt to change the face of the world. We have questioned everything, we have doubted everything, we have suspected everything. Scepticism and mere iconoclasm in their turn have been found wanting intellectually, and, having lost their novelty, they exercise no fascination. Thus to disbelief succeeded indifference to everything except material comfort. This age must either linger on in a long drawn senility of indolent indifference or harden in a middle age of avarice. Both tendencies are present; the abandonment of everything for comfort and the sacrifice of everything to the amassing of money. If the avaricious strain should prevail, the

century will never see an old age. The pursuit of wealth, made the sole rule of life, contains its own doom: for it produces such conspicuous and monstrous growths that either the better minds are stirred into revolt which results in reformation or the mass is stimulated and stung by envy to rise up and sweep away the existing order. With indifference it is otherwise. It is compatible with excellent "conduct" in Matthew Arnold's sense, and generates nothing startling. There is a quietness and even a dignity about it that easily lulls men into a sense of security. There are centuries, in the real not the mere arithmetic meaning, in the life of the Roman empire that might apparently have gone on indefinitely but for external pressure. It was the barbarians and no change in the Roman world that brought the fourth century to an end.

They brought it to an end, that is, for the Roman empire; for century is a relative term besides being an artificial; and few there are that realise this. We all have some notion of what we mean by the nineteenth century and the nineteenth-century man: but what has the nineteenth century of our imagination to do with the black man, who holds the same faith and lives the same life that his fathers did millenniums ago? Is he a nineteenth-century man? Yet he certainly lived in the nineteenth-century of the Christian era. But he is not of the Christian era at all, it may be objected; so there is no contradiction in his not displaying nineteenth-century characteristics. He is probably a first-century man in his own era, since he and his people have never changed. Which only illustrates the relativity of the term more clearly. But for us Englishmen, we are inclined to think, this century will end by a great resuscitation of conviction. By conviction we mean a definite belief in and definite following of some one ideal: we are purposely vague: we do not pose as prophets. But the saving feature of the English people of this day, and still more truly so of the American people, is their very evident "abounding and exulting" life. There are symptoms of senility in certain classes, but none in the nation as a whole nor is the nation dead to the appeal of the ideal—the ideals of Christianity, of patriotism, of social good will, of empire. At present all is confusion: all things seem tumbling to the level of mediocrity; exuberant life seems to manifest itself only in vulgarity, and certainly not least the exuberant life of "smart" people: increase of knowledge shows itself in a voracious appetite for scraps of useless information; art in a passion for poor and vicious illustration and music in the furious cult of "the halls". But behind this repulsive exterior there is plainly immense force. Force negatives death: so that there are no fatal symptoms. It looks rather as though it was control of this vitality which had failed: and that we are now in the anarchic interim between the reign of authority which lost control and that of authority which shall regain it. An undirected factory will not turn out as good work as a hand-loom. There is immensely more noise, dust, and confusion. But the increase of force is there none the less. Nothing but the master mind is wanted, when order will produce an excellent pattern.

LOST CASTE.

IT is not necessary to go to India to hear curious stories of caste. Let us take a British example. In a professional man's household recently a maid-servant fell ill of diphtheria. Her mistress nursed her herself through a tedious illness until she was quite well. When that happy result was established, the maid immediately informed the mistress that she intended to leave her service. Now here's comedy. Think of the bewilderment of an amiable lady conscious in every fibre of her humanity, and charity, and Christian benevolence, suddenly made aware that all these virtues surrounding her like a halo had apparently made not the slightest impression on the very person who of all others ought to have had an almost reverent admiration for them. But the reason of the maid's departure had to be given and it was this: "I could not live with a mistress who has been waiting on me herself." Quite evidently this is not mere indifference to kindness or ingratitude. It

looks ungrateful, but it is something much more complex, and harder to understand, than that coarse kind of selfishness which mistress and maid have so frequently to complain of in each other, and which makes a large part of the servant problem. The girl was the slave of that mysterious influence of caste which splits up into minute sections every modern society, as it split up every ancient society, and seems likely to split up any future society that it is possible to imagine. We may put the maid's feelings something like this, though she may not exactly have realized them herself. You have transformed by your services to me the caste relations of mistress and maid, which are customary, well understood, and legal, into a relation of obligation and gratitude. I had no difficulty in serving you before because we had a definite position towards one another. You have confused that simplicity and in the future neither you nor I will know what is involved in our relationship. You may expect too much return by way of gratitude, or on the other hand your delicacy may even prevent you from claiming your caste services from me lest you should be seeming to make capital out of your kindness. I should be in similar perplexity on my part, and the long and short of it is we shall only worry each other in future and it is better for both of us that I should go. It seems that if the girl thought or at least felt like this, as she quite possibly may have done, she was quite right. Also conceivably she may have taken the more vulgar view of the caste relation. She may only have had that snobbery of inferior minds which runs through all classes of society by which so many people estimate their own importance according to the social rank of those on whom they are parasites or dependants. Social rank in this connexion must however be understood to mean now the display of superfluous wealth which in most cases confers the kind of distinction most widely appreciated. Had the lady we are speaking of been wealthy, she would have shown her kindness not by giving her personal services but by providing nursing, and paying expenses. That would have only emphasised the distinction between mistress and maid. By what she actually did she confused the distinction in the crude intellect and untrained moral character of her young servitor.

This case is an example and type of many similar difficulties that the sentiment of caste produces. It shows that it is not from the higher castes only that they arise, but that there is as much pride and tenacity of privilege in the lower: indeed it is impossible to reach a stratum so low that distinctions are merged into the condition of equality and fraternity all round. Political agitators who spread themselves out on theory, and do not look at the actual facts, are nonplussed at times with the cool reception their denunciation of social and political inequalities gets from those who, as they suppose, must be eager to redress them. There is in fact not half so much jealousy of the higher social ranks as there is jealousy among each rank or caste itself. Our servant girl would have forgiven her mistress much more readily for arrogance, or selfishness, or severity towards her than for being kind to her in a way which in her opinion demeaned her and lowered her in the estimation of her fellows of the domestic servant caste. The more her mistress was a "fine lady", the more attention she claimed, the more trouble she gave her, by so much the more was her own service dignified to her and the more airs she could give herself in the world which to her was all important. That would be her own ideal of being a mistress if she had servants to command, and consequently she feels a humiliation in serving one who falls short of her ideal and therefore is not worthy of her service. The caste feeling by no means implies admiration for each other amongst the members, and desire that any one of them other than himself should prosper and pass into a grade higher. To lose caste in that way is generally much more offensive than the loss of it would be through submitting to the claims of a superior order. Thus while the workman has pride in serving the man whose wealth or station has been a family appanage for generations, and the more generations the more the workman's pride is fostered by his service, he will insult, jeer at, nickname and hate the

man of his own class who has adopted the method of losing his caste by winning his way into a higher one. The man who rises is always the butt and scorn of his own class, unless he succeeds and wins a position from which he can bully and oppress them. Then they will render him a more sincere service than if he attempted to win their favour by such injudicious humanities as that of the mistress to her maid. This servility on the one hand and jealousy on the other is one of the main reasons why the parliamentary representation of working-men by their class men has been a comparative failure. It is one of the main elements by which society is held together on traditional lines; the reason why a so-called republic, unless it becomes really an aristocratic or plutocratic oligarchy, cannot be run for long. A ministry of religion that retains the respect and controls a flock of the poorer classes must not be constituted of members of those classes, unless it is part of a caste or hierarchy of castes which includes higher classes than their own. The case is exactly the same with the army, where officers who have risen from the ranks have quite as much prejudice against them to contend with from men of their own order as from those who resent their intrusion into the new caste. It seems also very plausible to suppose that some part of the reason why so many people who have prospered pass from Radical circles and dissenting communities into the opposite camp is that they have less jealousy and envious opposition to encounter in their new surroundings than they would meet with amongst their old caste fellows. One amusing instance is the mutual contempt and aversion felt by the domestic men servants of the higher classes and ordinary working-men towards each other. The working-man dislikes his social equal's association with the higher caste much more than he dislikes the members of the higher caste themselves. We are inclined to think too that one of the most actual obstacles to the growth of socialism amongst English working-men is their belief that it involves an increased power of direction and control of their labour by men of their own class. It is one of their objections to co-operative stores; and the analogy of the ranker's objection to the ranker who gets his commission is exactly in point.

THROUGH COBBETT'S COUNTRY.

"A BIRDING on a Bronco" is the title of a delightful little book well known on the other side of the Atlantic. We do not yet go about on bicycles to observe the ways of the winged people. That will probably come before long. Our birds are growing almost too familiar with the wheel; it has even become a danger to some of them. They not infrequently mistake its rate of speed and seriously injure themselves in attempting to fly across it. Recently I had a thrush knock himself senseless against the spokes of my fore wheel, and cycling friends have told me of similar experiences they have met with, in some instances the heedless bird getting killed. Chaffinches are like the children in village streets—they will not get out of your way: by and by in rural places the merciful man will have to ring his bell almost incessantly to avoid running over them. Other less common and less tame birds care as little for a man on a bicycle as they do for a cow. Not long ago a peewit trotted leisurely across the road not more than ten yards from my front wheel; and on that same day I came upon a green woodpecker having a dust bath in the public road. He declined to stir until I stopped to watch him, and then merely flew about a dozen yards away and attached himself to the trunk of a fir-tree and waited there for me to go. Never in all my wanderings afoot had I seen a yaffingale dusting himself like a barn-door fowl!

It is not seriously meant that birds can be observed narrowly in this easy way; but even for the most conscientious student of bird life the wheel has its advantages. It carries him quickly over much barren ground, and gives him a better view of the country he passes through; and, finally, it enables him to see more birds. He will see thousands in a day where, walking, he would hardly have seen hundreds, and there is joy in

mere numbers. It was merely to get this passing sight of the bird life of the neighbouring hilly district of Hampshire that I went down to Newbury on the last day of October. It was bright but cold and windy, and towards evening I was surprised to see about a score of swallows in Northbrook Street languidly flying to and fro in the shelter of the houses, often fluttering under the eaves, and at intervals alighting on ledges and projections. These belated birds looked as if they wished to "lie up", or find the most cosy holes to die in, rather than to emigrate. On the following day after a sharp frost they came out again at noon and flew about in the same feeble manner.

What came of them I know not as I left on 2 November—tore myself away, I may say, for, besides meeting with people I didn't know who treated a stranger with sweet friendliness, this is a town which quickly wins one's affections. It is built of bricks of the good old deep rich red—not the painful bright red so much in fashion now—and no one has had the bad taste to spoil the harmony by introducing stone or stucco. Newbury has, too, in Shaw House an Elizabethan mansion of the rarest beauty. Let him who is weary of the ugliness and discords in our town buildings go and stand by the ancient cedar at the gate and look across its green lawn at this restful house, subdued by time to a very tender rosy red colour on its walls and a deep dark red on its roof, clouded with grey of lichen.

From Newbury and the green meadows by the Kennet the Hampshire hills may be seen, looking like the South Down range at its highest point viewed from the Sussex Weald. I made for Coombe Hill, and found it rather a labour to push my machine up from the pretty tree-hidden village of East Woodhay at its foot. The top is a league-long tableland, with stretches of green elastic turf, thickets of furze bramble and thorn, and clumps of ancient noble beeches—a beautiful lonely wilderness with rabbits and birds for only inhabitants. From the highest point where a famous gibbet stands about a thousand feet above the sea, one looks down into an immense hollow, a sort of Devil's Punch Bowl many times magnified, and spies a few lowly houses half hidden by trees at the bottom. That is the romantic village of Coombe, and thither I went and found the vicar busy in the garden of the small old picturesque parsonage. Here a pretty little bird comedy was in progress: a pair of stock doves which had been taken from a rabbit hole in the hill and reared by hand had just escaped from their cage, and all the family were excitedly engaged in trying to recapture them. They were very handsome—the two blue birds running busily about on the green lawn eagerly searching for something to eat and finding nothing. They were quite tame so that anyone could put as much salt on their blue tails as he liked, but they distinctly refused to be touched or taken; they were too happy out in that brilliant sunshine, and when I left towards evening they were still at large.

From Coombe it is five miles to Hurstbourne Tarrant, another charming "highland" village; and the road, sloping down the whole distance, struck me as one of the loveliest I had travelled in Hampshire, running along a narrow green valley with oak and birch and bramble and thorn in their autumn colours covering the slopes on either hand. It was odd that I had more than once promised myself a visit to this very village for no other reason than because William Cobbett often stayed there, and that now when in it I had no thought of him and his Rural Rides. Still odder was it, when, after some trouble, I succeeded in finding accommodation at a house called the Rookery, and was sitting by the fire in a good-sized room with an oak floor, it all at once came into my mind that I was in Cobbett's friend's house, no doubt in the very room where they had sat together on many an evening discussing turnips and the wicked ministry of the day.

November 3 Hurstbourne basked all day in warmth and brightness although the greatest part of southern England was at that time drowned in a dense cold white fog. In London it was dark. Standing in the village street I heard a girl-bunting singing merrily from a bush or fence close to the George and Dragon Inn. The bird, I found, was quite common in the neighbour-

hood; yet the natives know it not by its book name, nor by any name, and do not distinguish it from its less engaging cousin the yellowhammer. Next day the weather was still beautiful; it was like a very bright genial day in September. At noon I went to Crux Easton, a hill-top village consisting of some low farm buildings, cottages, and a church not much larger than a cottage. But a great house probably once stood here, as the hill has a very noble avenue of ancient limes, which it wears like a comb or crest. On the lower slope of the hill, or down, the old unkept hedges were richer in colour than in other places owing to the abundance of the spindle-wood-tree, laden with its loose clusters of flame-bright, purple-pink berries. On either side of the hedge were groups of old beech-trees, and, strange to see, just beyond the green slope and coloured trees and hedges was the great whiteness of the fog which had advanced thus far and now appeared motionless. I went down and walked by the side of the bank of mist, feeling its clammy coldness on one cheek while the other was fanned by the warm bright air. Seen at a distance of two or three hundred yards the appearance was that of a beautiful pearly white cloud resting upon the earth. Birds, probably driven by the fog to that sunlit spot, were all about me in incredible numbers. Rooks and daws were congregated on the beeches, where their black figures served to intensify the red-gold tints of the foliage. At intervals the entire vast cawing multitude simultaneously rose up with a sound as of many waters, and seemed now at last about to mount up into the blue heavens to float circling there far above the world as they sometimes love to do on warm windless days in autumn. But in a little while their note would change, and led by hundreds of loudly clamouring daws down they would come again, cloud after cloud of birds, to settle once more on the shining trees.

Close by a ploughed field of about thirty acres was the camping ground of an army of peewits; travellers from the north perhaps, they were quietly resting sprinkled over the whole area. Most abundant were the small birds in mixed flocks, or hordes—finches, sparrows, buntings and larks in thousands on thousands, all busy at feed on the stubble and ploughed land. Thickly and evenly distributed, they appeared to the sight ranging over the brown level earth as minute animated variously-tinted clods—brown and grey and yellow and olive green. It was a rare pleasure to be in this company; but I wanted to get to Highclere and at length took the plunge. What a change! I was at once where all form and colour and melody had been blotted out. My clothes were hoary with the clinging mist, my fingers numb with cold, and Highclere, its scattered cottages appearing like dark smudges on the whiteness, was the dreariest village on earth. I fled to Newbury in quest of indoor warmth and light. Next day I ventured out again to look for the sun and found it not, but my ramble was not without its reward. In a pine wood three miles from the town I stood still to listen to the sound as of rain of the moisture dropping from the trees, when a sudden tempest of loud sharp metallic chirping notes made me jump; and down into the very tree before which I was standing dropped a flock of crossbills. So excited and noisy when coming down, the instant they touched the tree they became perfectly silent and motionless. Seven of their number had settled on the tops of long shoots, and sat there within forty feet of me looking like painted wooden images of small green and greenish-yellow parrots: for a space of fifteen minutes not the slightest movement did they make, and at last, before going, I waved my arms about to frighten them and still they refused to stir.

Next morning the great fog lifted, and quitting my refuge I went out once more into the region of high sheep-walks, beechen woods and travellers' joy, rambling by Highclere, Burghclere, and Kingsclere. The last—Hampshire's little Cuzco—is a village-like old red brick town, unapproached by a railroad* and unimproved, therefore still beautiful: here in the afternoon a chilly grey haze crept over the country and set me wishing for a fireside and the sound of friendly voices, and

* But, alas, now threatened by one.—ED.

I turned my face towards Silchester. Leaving the hills behind me I got away from the haze, and went my devious way by serpentine roads through a wooded undulating country. And I wish that for a hundred, for a thousand, years to come I could on each recurring November have such an afternoon ride, with that autumnal glory in the trees. Sometimes seeing the road before me carpeted with pure yellow I said, Now I am coming to elms; but where the road shone red and russet gold I knew that it was overhung by beeches. But the oak is here the commonest tree, and from every high point on the road I saw far away on either side woods and copses all a tawny yellow gold—the hue of the dying oak leaf. The tall larches were lemon yellow, and when they grew among dark pines produced a singular effect. Best of all was it where beeches grew among the firs, and the low sun on my left hand shining through the wood gave the coloured translucent leaves an unimaginable splendour. This was the very effect which men, inspired by a sacred passion, had sought to reproduce in their noblest work—the Gothic cathedral, its dim interior lit by many-coloured stained glass. The only choristers in these natural cathedrals were the robins and the little wren: but on passing through the small rustic village of Wolverton I stopped for a couple of minutes to listen to the lively singing of a girl bunting among some farm buildings. It was late on 6 November to hear a bunting sing.

Then on to Silchester; its furzy common and scattered village, and the vast ruinous walls, overgrown with ivy and bramble and thorn, of ancient Roman Calleva. Inside the walls at one spot a dozen men were still at work in the fading light: they were just finishing—shovelling earth in to cover up and obliterate all that had been done during the year. The old flint foundations that had been revealed; the houses with porches and corridors and courtyards and pillared hypocausts; the winter room with its wide beautiful floor—red and black and white and grey and yellow; with geometric pattern, and twist and scroll and leaf and flower and quaint figures of man and bird and beast—all to be covered up with earth so that the plough may be driven over it again, and the wheat grow and ripen again as it has grown and ripened there for so many centuries. The very earth there, where it was ploughed, had a reddish cast owing to the innumerable minute fragments of red tile and tesserae mixed with it. Larks and finches were busily searching for seeds in the brown soil all about us. They would soon be gone to their roosting places, and the tired men to their cottages, and the white owl coming from his hiding-place in the walls could have old Silchester to himself.

W. H. HUDSON.

TWO OF THE CHRISTMAS PLAYS.

IN my last article I dilated on the vast advantage held by the inexpert over the expert critic. But, curiously enough, though the public is far more easily impressed and persuaded by a critic who comes fresh and ignorant to a subject than by one who is jadedly sound on it, there is a general prejudice against the amateur in creative art. I use the term "amateur" as implying not necessarily a futile dabbler but one whose main business and source of income lie outside the creative art which he practises. Such a man may, of course, do very fine work; indeed, the very fact that he is not dependent on his art for his lucre gives him a distinct advantage. Nevertheless, in the eyes of the public (among whom I am, for this occasion only, compelled to reckon myself) his work will always be suspect. He will have to war at the outset against a shrewd suspicion that he is merely a futile dabbler. In Captain Marshall I find an obvious instance of this law. It is true that he, by persistence in dramaturgy, and by the gradual dissemination of the knowledge that "Captain" is a mere survival of a past estate, has at last forced himself into the esteem of critics and public. But at his *début*, and during the first few years that followed his *début*, we would none of him. We admitted that he had a pretty fancy and so forth, but we

were shocked by his utter incompetence in the art of writing plays. Doubtless, his early plays were not so capably constructed as "The Second in Command", but when we read them now or see them revived we are bound to admit that they were very much better than we thought them. The plain substitution of "Robert" for "Captain" would have saved us one mistake. "Captain" was a peculiarly unfortunate label; for (owing to I know not what accumulative action of novels, comic papers, farces and the like) it suggests always a kind of dashing stupidity—a lisp, a monocle, and other things incongruous with the dignity of art. "Colonel" (thanks, mainly, to Thackeray) suggests in itself a kind of ripe and simple dignity, a loftiness and honesty of purpose, which would in some degree counteract for a dramatist the disadvantage of being labelled with it. Of course, any military title, or title of any other profession, has this advantage for a dramatist, that it saves him from having any holes picked in such parts of his play as bear reference to the things of his profession. If "Carnac Sahib" had been written not by Mr. Henry Arthur but by Captain Jones, *tout court*, we should never have had from the press that unexpected outburst of technical military lore. The dramatic critics would have been afraid to pit their lore against a real live soldier's. They never would have dared to hint that the soldiers of the Théâtre Marshall say or do anything that would not inevitably be said or done in an actual mess-room. Yet officers in the service have been heard to proclaim that the notion which Captain Marshall gives us of themselves is as untruly roseate as was untruly black the notion which (in happily past days) Mr. Kipling gave us of the men under their command. Similarly, if a plumber took to dramaturgy, and wrote plays with a strong plumbing interest in them, we should not be so rash as to complain that his flushings and trappings did not carry conviction, or that his pipes and cisterns did not for one moment hold water. His technical knowledge of plumbing we should accept as infallible. On the other hand we should be mercilessly down on his views of life, his conceptions of the souls of men and women, his technical knowledge of dramaturgy. We should pick maliciously as many wanton holes in his work as ever he had picked in our own property. We should not give him credit for any sane convictions based on observation of the world. Were he a pessimist, we should merely commiserate with him as one who, having throughout his life grovelled in dark and unclean recesses, could not possibly be otherwise. An optimist, he would be twitted with his folly in supposing that human hearts could be soldered to soundness as easily as can metal tubes. We should hint unanimously that the last act of his play was quite superfluous—that he had, in fact, been "making a job of it", and that the public would be careful not to employ him again. Luckily for themselves, plumbers derive no distinctive titles from their trade. They can, therefore, at any moment, become playwrights without any special handicap to success. For aught I know, some of the most prominent of our successful playwrights may be plumbers in the background. But the aspiring playwright whose regular profession has prefixed his name with a title should drop that title, like a glowing cinder, lest it for ever brand him. Conceive another case. Conceive that a County Court Judge suddenly took it into his head to become a dramatist. And conceive him as not docking surreptitiously his name of its prefix, but making his bow to the public with all the majesty of the Law at his back. What would happen? . . . Nay, what *has* happened? A specific instance is better than an hypothesis, and I was forgetting that in the course of this very week had been produced at the Prince of Wales' Theatre a play written by a County Court Judge. "Katawampus" is the play's name, and Judge Parry the author's.

England contains many County Court Judges, and these, doubtless, are of various kinds—the just and the unjust, the acute and the stupid, the grave and the facetious. Alas! so unevenly do the reporters of the press distribute their favours, it is only the facetious County Court Judges of whose existence I am ever reminded. And of that existence I am not willingly

reminded; for it seems to me that of all the bad jokes made daily throughout the land the worst, the feeblest and most degrading are made by these County Court Judges. Thus against County Court Judges, generically, I have a strong prejudice, and I was completely under the influence of this prejudice when I went to see "Katawampus". I expected that the jokes in it would all be bad jokes. Such a presumption is fatal. If you expect a joke to be bad, bad it seems. If it does *not* seem wholly bad, you imagine that you are the victim of an illusion, and then you are the angrier with the joke and with its maker. Thus I did not at all enjoy "Katawampus". Every joke in it appeared to me a dry verbal quibble, instinct with that peculiar puerility of which the Judges in County Courts, more perfectly than the Judges in any other Courts, have mastered the secret. The invention of the whole play struck me as tame and forced; and I doubt not that, despite the loud enthusiasm of friends in the theatre, this was how "Katawampus" struck the majority of the audience. "County Court humour", we murmured to ourselves. And we were the less willing to reconsider our verdict because he whom we were judging was one who, for aught we knew, might hereafter be judging us. Authority is always unpopular, and when it happens to approach us as suppliant it appeals to deaf ears. Why, moreover, should we be just to a man who, in his own Court, would probably be too much absorbed in thoughts about "Brownies" and other ingredients of romance to render anything but a hollow semblance of justice to us? So, though Mr. Courtice Pounds as a beneficent Cave Man was not less lively and imaginative than he had been as Feste, and though there were in the cast many little girls and boys who romped about the stage very prettily, and though Miss May Cranfield gave a wonderfully natural impersonation of a child, and though, in fine, the whole production was as well done as it could be, "Away with Judge Parry!" was my unspoken watchword throughout the afternoon.

Reflection came in the evening. The strength of my disapproval brought its proper reaction. I was determined to inquire whether I had not been unduly harsh. I had recourse to a "book of the words" which had been thrust, free of charge, into my ungracious hands. My reading of it convinced me that I had indeed been unduly harsh. Now and again, it is true, I came on a passage of true judicial humour. "As by the rules of the House a boy may speak who has nothing to say, I do not see why a boy should not speak who has nothing to wear"—that is an unmistakable specimen of the dreadful authentic brand. There is a good deal of that dry, precise, mathematical jocularity which Courts foster, and which (as is probably the case here) is also fostered by a too close acquaintance with the works of Lewis Carroll—the only man who ever did or ever will make tolerable that kind of jocularity. But, with all due deductions, in the study I found "Katawampus" very much better than I had found it in the theatre. It has quite an agreeable humour of its own, a pretty and distinctive fancy. Had it been presented as the work of mere "Edward A." Parry I should have liked it from the outset, not knowing what "Edward A." Parry was. Now that I do know, I strongly urge Judge Parry to sit down and invent for himself some impenetrable pseudonym before he makes (and I trust he will make soon) his next venture. To come shamelessly before us *in puris judicialibus* was fair neither to himself nor to his collaborator. By the way, I had forgotten to mention that he had a collaborator—Mr. Louis Calvert, whose cunning hand is evident also in the stage-management of the play.

At the Royalty Theatre is a play entitled "The Swineherd and the Princess". There is not much to say about it except that in it Mr. Herz is tremendously industrious and well-meaning in the part of a comic king (suggesting to me constantly the efforts of a grown-up relation to prevent an impromptu charade from boring the little ones for whose doubtful benefit it has been begun), and that Miss Decima Moore is a good principal boy in it, and that Miss Phyllis Broughton dances in it with all her well-remembered grace.

MAX.

AN OLD QUARTETTE.

HARLEQUIN.

HE sparkles through his gaudy hour,
He dazzles with his giddy fence;
A brazen wasp, on flower to flower
He swoops with nimble impudence.
Adept to woo, but weak to win,
Is Harlequin, false Harlequin.

The mask that half-conceals his gaze—
That gaze unsteady as his mind—
Lends mystery to all his maze
Which glitters Age and Youth to blind.
For both he wears his heartless grin,
Does Harlequin, lithe Harlequin.

His wand, bewitching though chicane,
Is flat and smooth of edge and point,
Yet—such is his legerdemain—
It strikes the stupid out of joint.
The rabble shout to see it spin,
"Bright Harlequin, brave Harlequin!"

Since Charles Le Quint was thus bemocked
How many harlequins have twirled,
Have rifled hives with honey stocked,
And stung to praise a silly world!
He smiles, when fools to weep begin
For Harlequin, thief Harlequin!

CLOWN.

Sing up, sing down for laughing clown:
He plays his pranks and splits his sides,
Motley's the wear; behind the gown
Of russet reverence he hides.
With courage mock, he peers from out
The mantle of his mock-renown.
He trips the heels of king and clout;
Sing up, sing down for boisterous clown.

With bumpkin jests he never rests;
Up ladder, window, bough, he climbs;
If caught, he prays and he protests;
Escaping, hoarse, he rasps his rhymes.
He never truly loves or hates,
No land is his, or home, or town.
The pink of proverb, still he prates.
Sing up, sing down for ceaseless clown.

Ah! once when monarchs still were wise
The Jester ruled with jangling bells.
But now to Demos' Court he flies,
And scarce a hearing there compels.
Only the children clap their hands,
Mistake his fool's cap for a crown
And, loyal, laugh when he commands.—
Sing up, sing down, for ousted clown.

COLUMBINE.

Two lovers, and which shall coy Columbine choose,
A father, and how shall the maiden obey?
Four hundred long years hover over her shoes,
As they twinkle the riddle before us to-day.

The dove in her innocence flutters and springs,
 With her shimmer allures, while she gently disdains.
 She coaxes her tyrant with gossamer wings :
 But her tyrant is Love that, relentless, enchains.

Neither knave of a Harlequin, churl of a Clown,
 If she knew it aright, is what fancy enthalls ;
 Pirouetting the country between and the town,
 It is love not the lover that charms her and calls.
 Pantaloon may be stern—but she slips from his gaze.
 Youth will cozen and triumph o'er blustering age.
 'Tis for Love she entreats, 'tis for Love she betrays,
 'Tis for Love she must dance, like the bird in her cage.

PANTALOOON.

Ancient figure of the Stage,
 Piping platitude of Life.
 Grey, but not with wisdom sage ;
 Crook'd, unsympathising Age ;
 Jealous, grim, unreconciled ;—
 But the bully of a wife,
 But the miser of a child.
 Countenance with cunning rife,
 Heart as wrinkled in its case
 As the pinched and puckered face.
 Selfishness that domineers
 Simply from the weight of years.
 Feebleness mistaking still
 Rule for reverence, time for will.
 This remains thy sorry tune,
 Lean and slippered Pantaloon.

W. SICHEL.

MUSIC OF THE PAST YEAR.

IN setting out to sketch the history of music in England, or at least in London, during the past year one is immediately struck with the fact that the saying "happy the people which has no records" is not one to be applied to the part of the English nation which loves music. In the sense of a record of really important events the last year provides no history, no history of anything "happy" for musical people. We have jogged on as in former years. Mr. Newman has got London's orchestral concerts more completely than ever into his hands. Mr. Charles Manners and the Rosa Company have flirted with London, but have not yet ventured to enter the lists as serious rivals of the Syndicate. The Syndicate has done worse than ever, handing over our substitute for a National Opera to a French director, thus showing the spirit of the dog in the manger. Incapable of giving us a National Opera itself, it loses no opportunity of preventing anyone else performing the task. The usual numbers of virtuosos have favoured us with their thoughtful visits ; and a Mr. Sousa, an American bandmaster whose marches are popular in cafés, has played to delighted audiences in Albert Hall. In fact, I might continue this list almost indefinitely, and thus construct an article exactly adapted to the music columns of the daily papers. But it is hardly to be imagined that this would bring joy into the hearts of readers of this Review. Besides, my list, however lengthy, would still be mournfully incomplete. Not only did I shamelessly skip innumerable concerts during the earlier part of this year, but since July I have scarcely seen London, preferring to hear opera—opera, the most vital form of musical art at this day—in foreign cities. Nor have I attended any of our great provincial festivals. Not for me endless dreary performances, nearly all with the same principals and the same bands, of the "Messiah", of "Elijah", or even of the works of Mr. Elgar and Mr. Coleridge Taylor. Salvation comes not that way. A rendering of a cantata by Mr. Coleridge Taylor may be

an important event for Mr. Coleridge Taylor, it will not save England, musically speaking, and it is the saving of musical England, and not the progress of Mr. Coleridge Taylor, that interests me. And this I say without any desire to depreciate Mr. Taylor or any other writers for our great provincial festivals. Merely, as I have never seen in their work any indication of a desire to get away from well-worn tracks, deeply laboured ruts, it does not seem to me worth while waiting for, in Schumann's phrase, a Messiah in an English provincial town. If the provinces bring forth any good thing it will quickly enough be given in London, when I am not likely to miss it.

A list, then, of all the concerts given in London and the provinces I cannot and would not give. But it may still be permitted to me to take stock of the year's doing, and then to ask whether there is any sign of genuine life to be seen anywhere. After all, I have attended many concerts and have read most eloquent accounts of many more ; and I was present as a cynical witness at many of the exploits of the Opera Syndicate. Well, let us push aside, as totally without value, these exploits. Let us also agree to disregard the decrepit Philharmonic Society. Further, let us agree not to trouble about the choral performances given in the Albert Hall, where the conditions implacably forbid any artistic thing. What, then, remains ? First, and by far the most important, Mr. Newman's Queen's Hall Concerts. That these should be so popular, that—as I have read—the Promenade Concerts should be crowded night after night for programmes far superior to anything offered by the Philharmonic in the old days or at present—here are signs of the times. A few years ago the London public was so firmly fixed in the belief that nothing was worth listening to save Mendelssohn and the Mendelssohn traditions applied to greater works than Mendelssohn's, that it is certain Mr. Wood would scarcely have got a hearing and the doors of Queen's Hall would quickly have been closed. At least we are better off than we were then, and not a little of the credit is due to Messrs. Wood and Newman. Once upon a time the Philharmonic directors had a conductor who was perhaps greater than Henry Wood, Richard Wagner, and they rejected him, and put the clock back by forty or fifty years. Mr. Newman found a man with the makings of a great conductor in him, and he steadily backed him until he became a great conductor. In Mr. Henry Wood we have a conductor who can hold his own with the greatest of Continental conductors, and who is far superior to the ordinary work-a-day men who not so long since were superior to our best. It is good that the public should have learnt to prefer his readings of the masterpieces to those of the Philharmonic-Mendelssohn tradition. And, on the whole, it is also good that the public should prefer his programmes to the old ones. If Wagner and Tchaikowsky are nervous and hysteric, well, we are all, in this age, nervous and hysteric ; and if it is good to like Mr. Wood's true and just renderings of Beethoven and Mozart, it is not so bad to like his true and just renderings of Wagner and Tchaikowsky as it would be to pretend not to like them. Hypocrisy has been the curse of music in England, and the everlasting Wagner-Tchaikowsky programmes of Queen's Hall show we are getting rid of it. Further, though it may be admitted that the Queen's Hall concerts are not always too attractive to those of us who in England and abroad have opportunities of hearing operatic music, inasmuch as the programmes so largely consist of operatic music they are specially valuable to those who have not those opportunities. They are valuable, indirectly, even to those of us who have the opportunities. For it is certain that large audiences cannot continually hear selections from "Tristan" the "Mastersingers" and the "Ring" without in the long run wishing to hear the operas in their entirety ; and this means that when at last a serious opera-house is founded in London a large public will be ready to pay money to support it. And so, instead of being compelled to travel hundreds of miles to hear the masterpieces finely given, we shall have to go no further in London, all the year round, than we go at present, three or four times a year, to hear them badly given. And, presumably, the prices will be lower.

As hopeful signs of the times, next to the Queen's Hall concerts come the visits of the Rosa and Moody-Manners companies. They have got as yet no further than the suburbs, but what a good thing that they should even get there! If they continue to be supported, they will creep closer and closer in towards Covent Garden, and though they may not precisely scare the Syndicate out of its wits and force it to do things better than they are done at present, they may at any rate accustom the London public to the notion that opera is always to be heard somewhere, and to that other notion, that opera is a thing worth attending as regularly as the theatres or music-halls. That will at least destroy the monopoly now enjoyed by the Syndicate, a monopoly due solely to the fact that, whether the performances are bad or good, whenever a fine opera is played—which is not too often—a sufficient audience always turns up, that being its only opportunity. The representations of both the Moody-Manners and the Carl Rosa company leave much to be desired; but as the richer parts of London are tapped and the companies have more money to spend, great improvements may be expected. Within a very short time we may see them both playing the biggest things of Wagner. Not that it can for a moment be contended that an opera company is first-rate simply because it gives "Siegfried" and "Tristan". But it is certain that a company which has sufficient tact to know "Siegfried" and "Tristan" are amongst the things wanted by the public, which has the artistic enthusiasm to produce them properly, and is well enough supported by the public to produce them properly, will also give Mozart, Beethoven and Weber better than they have ever before been given in this country.

The other musical events of the year absolutely do not count: the Queen's Hall concerts and the visits of the Rosa and Manners companies are not much, but they are all: they are hopeful, but they are all. What is the broad moral to be drawn? Only the ancient one: the English public is slowly re-becoming truly musical, but it is not truly musical yet. It is not in touch with the newest movement in music: it is not in touch with opera. And not until it is thoroughly in touch with opera will England produce that fine flower of a musical nation, a national composer. Lately, in one of the monthlies, Mr. Ernest Newman devoted a good deal of space to pointing out that if Mr. Elgar, Mr. Bantock and others were adequately supported they would develop into great English composers. With all respect to him I cannot agree. None of our composers are on the right road, and until we have permanent opera-houses in London and the principal provincial towns it is not possible for them to take the right road. It is idle to insist that fine symphonies may yet be written, and these men may write them. Of course, of course . . . but in spite of all "mays" the truth remains that they do not write them, that in symphony, for the moment, there does not seem much to be done, that in opera there is an enormous field to be worked. Symphony grows out of a combination of the decorative impulse with emotion, while modern opera is a direct mode of expression for that curious interfusion of emotion with intellectual ideas, and of both with the decorative impulse, with its characteristic of the time we live in. Since Beethoven no pure orchestral music has been written. Tschaiikowsky's symphonies would never have been written had not Wagner's operas showed how new things could be done. And I expect nothing new in symphony, nothing but more or less good imitations of the German masterpieces, until the English composers have worked the fields open to them in opera and learnt what it is they have to express.

A note to say that I have been vainly endeavouring to hear the Paris version of "Siegfried". But Jean de Reszke had a cold which caused it to be postponed for some days, and now the cold has grown into an influenza which has caused it to be postponed indefinitely. It is said that Jean is afraid of the Paris public. He need not fear: the English public is much more severe. In Paris they accept anything: they even regard Mr. Messager as a fine conductor and original composer.

J. F. R.

P.S. I have nothing to answer to the gentleman who does not agree with me about Pater. Messrs. Symons

and Gosse have a right to their opinions: I stick to my opinion. At worst it is my misfortune, not my fault.

INSURANCE IMPROVEMENTS.

AT the close of a year it is not unnatural to try to form some estimate of the meaning and tendency of the principal events which have taken place during the past twelve months. From an insurance point of view many things have happened which have been exceptionally significant.

The most important events have been insurance amalgamations on an unusually large scale. Important offices, both Fire and Life, have arranged for transfer to, or amalgamation with, other insurance companies. In several cases the transfer is a practical confession of failure, but at the same time it is a recognition of the necessity of providing ample security for, and of avoiding the remotest possibility of any loss being incurred by, policy-holders. Underlying these ideas we may perhaps see the conviction that policy-holders are becoming more discriminating, and that there is no hope of permanent success being attained by inferior insurance companies.

It is to some extent the fashion to say that small offices allow themselves to be absorbed by large ones because the public are attracted by magnitude; but this view is only correct to a very limited extent. Magnitude conduces to business, because the large offices through much advertising, and numerous agents, become familiar to the public, and policy-holders, ignorant of the merits of the different companies, frequently effect insurance with offices, the names of which are familiar.

Especially in life assurance, magnitude is by no means synonymous with merit. The three huge American offices cannot provide anything like the same benefits to the holders of life policies as many British offices doing a vastly smaller business; and the largest of British offices is not nearly so good from an assurer's point of view as are many smaller companies. Extensive advertising and extravagant commissions still produce a large amount of business; but we think it is evident that policy-holders are learning to recognise that there are great differences, especially among life offices, and to a greatly increasing extent are selecting good, if little advertised, companies in preference to larger offices, which obtain policies through the persistence of their agents and the prevalence of their advertisements.

Many important valuations have been published this year, and it would be difficult to find a more instructive object lesson than is supplied by these returns. The Gresham and the Life Association of Scotland have found themselves unable to declare any bonus, and at the same time have provided reserves which give little promise of future success. On the other hand the Norwich Union, the Scottish Amicable, and the United Kingdom Temperance have made extremely strong reserves, have declared excellent bonuses, and have shown what extraordinary success it is possible for well-managed Life Offices to attain. Policy-holders in such offices as the Gresham and the Life Association are worse off by many thousands of pounds than they might have been had they effected their assurance with such companies as the other three we have just mentioned; and had these policy-holders consulted any person acquainted with the subject before taking their policies they might have avoided this loss. It is probably not too sanguine to hope that ignorance of insurance matters is being slowly but surely dispelled; and as the process of enlightenment proceeds the continued separate existence of inferior offices will become more unsatisfactory, and the difficulty of obtaining business will result in still more extravagant expenditure. There will thus be created yet wider differences between good offices and bad, greater difficulties for the inferior companies, and their final extinction through absorption by good offices.

The success of fire insurance companies is less important to policy-holders than the prosperity of life offices; but in this connexion also the bitter experience of the past few years has led to the prevailing of wiser

counsels, and good business rather than much business is being sought and obtained. In all probability there are several more amalgamations to come in the near future, and it is likely that on the whole they will have the effect of strengthening the good companies, and causing the inferior offices to pass out of existence. The prospects on the whole are distinctly promising. The certainty that bad management will sooner or later become apparent has been made more than usually clear during the past year, and for a time the lesson should prove effectual, and bring out with exceptional clearness the great differences that exist among insurance companies. The recognition of this fact by policy-holders would be much to their advantage.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

43 Madison Avenue, New York City, U.S.A.
10 December, 1901.

SIR,—As an Englishman, whose business relations necessitate his residence in America, I am gratified to note that amidst all the sickening sentimentality and foolish twaddle about an "Anglo-Saxon" alliance and a common origin (Heaven save the mark!), the SATURDAY REVIEW has remained unaffected and with courageous insistency has pointed out the only safe policy which remains for England to pursue.

Few Englishmen are aware of the marked change which has taken place, since the Spanish-American War, in the attitude of the American people towards international politics. Previously, it had been a cardinal principle of their political faith to abstain, so far as possible, from interference in world politics, but the comparatively easy victory which they won over Spain has rendered them still more insolent and overbearing in their relations with foreign Powers, and in a sense has whetted their appetite for further successes, which, they fatuously imagine, will be as easily won as those which they scored over the brave and high-spirited, but careless and unready Spaniards.

The inaccurate and bombastic accounts of the deeds of the American army and navy, which have appeared in the American press, might easily deceive those Englishmen who had not the opportunity of informing themselves as to the actual condition of affairs. Overwhelmingly superior in force to their antagonists in all their engagements, the Americans have distorted and magnified their successes until all sense of proportion has been lost. Of the inherent weakness of the American navy, its lack of discipline, its difficulty in obtaining sufficient recruits, the heterogeneous character of its personnel, its dominance by jealous cabals and cliques and the mutual distrust felt by its officers, an excellent idea may be gained by reading the account of the proceedings of the Court of Inquiry, convened to investigate the conduct of Admiral Schley. The administration of the army is even less satisfactory than that of the navy and is probably even more corrupt. The sordid scandals of the "embalmed beef" episode are still fresh in the minds of the public.

These weaknesses in America's forces will become speedily apparent whenever the United States is called upon to face an antagonist of a strength approaching to its own. If Englishmen imagine that in a contest with one of the great European Powers, America would be likely to prove victorious, they are greatly mistaken.

Of Great Britain, Americans have no fear for they believe that she can always be worried or bullied into compliance with their demands. The marvellous volte-face which Lord Lansdowne has executed in the Nicaragua Canal negotiations and his complete abandonment of a policy, which, at any rate, secured some degree of protection for British interests, have served to confirm them in their opinion.

But of late a people, who cannot be bullied or intimidated, who have been trained in the school of war and whose army and navy have been brought to the highest

state of efficiency, who care no more for the Monroe Doctrine than they do for so much waste paper, are finding more and more intolerable the dog in the manger opposition which the United States is offering to the legitimate colonial aspirations of the Germans in South America. The large numbers of Germans who have settled in South America have a right to demand a better government than that of the corrupt, half-breed, Latin-American republics whose existence is a standing reproach to the United States.

If the conflict, which now seems impending, should actually ensue, Germany will be the champion of European civilisation and orderly and honest administration against a lawless and corrupt democracy, animated with a blind and insensate hatred of all things European. Quite apart from the fact that our interests in the Western Hemisphere would be rendered much more secure by the curtailment of the insolent pretensions of the United States, our sympathies should naturally be enlisted on the side of our great European neighbour.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
HENRY BRYDEN.

THE MARCH OF PROTECTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 Fairlawn Park, W., 7 December, 1901.

SIR,—Every real statesman must agree with your admirable article under the above heading in your issue of 14 December, but each party is so afraid of the capital the other side will make out of any interference with our fetish of "Free-trade", that our country and, indeed, the whole Empire, may suffer irreparable injury while our leaders are shivering on the brink hesitating to take the plunge. In these circumstances permit me to bring the following indictment against our present system, and suggest a way out of the difficulty.

(1) Free imports *protect* the manufacturer at the expense of agriculture, and, as our railway companies charge the foreigner competition rates, and the home producer monopoly rates, this is equivalent to an actual bounty on foreign produce. This entails enormous financial loss and a moral loss of incalculable extent. It drives men to towns and is cutting off the supply of vigorous country-bred young manhood so necessary to prevent deterioration of the race. It leaves us miserably dependent on the foreigner for our food supply, liable to be cut off by hostile combinations; and the necessity for keeping command of the sea is an ever-increasing burden that will ultimately be crushing.

(2) In opening our ports free to rivals and enemies, we have no benefits to offer our Colonies, and have little or nothing to barter for the privileges of Reciprocity about which even the all-conquering Americans are talking. It prevents us tying our Empire together by the bonds of self-interest in the nearest approach to a Zollverein that is practicable.

(3) As I said in "The Organisation of Mankind": "A glance ahead will show that the Western nations in forcing their trade on yellow and black races will ultimately educate them into formidable competitors. Like the Japs they will better the instruction and, with their more favourable economic conditions, will flood us with commodities at prices we cannot compete against. To avoid being dragged down to their level we must do as the other Great Powers have done, and put a ring fence of tariffs round our possessions. With this yellow danger ahead, and the overpowering activity and enterprise of the Americans threatening the whole commercial world, John Bull must change his absence of mind for presence of mind and throw off the fetters of abstract fiscal theories, and adjust himself to the changing conditions."

(4) Our Custom duties are levied on the principles of topsy-turvydom. We tax those things we cannot produce and let in free things we can produce. We tax things great in value and small in bulk to facilitate smuggling! But the general indictment is that in our ambition to be the Cheap John of the world we have developed our resources in a one-sided way. John Bull instead of being a fine all-round athlete is like a goldbeater with an

abnormally developed arm; or like the hermit crab whose principal claw is as big as the whole of his unprotected body. We are squandering our mineral resources; and have all but ruined our agriculture, a blunder which threatens to ruin the physique of the race; and we have shamefully neglected the best market in the world—the Home Market. We need a higher, a sounder, National Ideal. We should aim at making the most of *all* our resources, and at being less dependent on the foreigner and on foreign trade. Our vast Empire with its varied climates could produce everything and be entirely self-contained, and our aim of aims should be thoroughly to organise, develop and unite it in the bonds of self-interest. Any such change of a fiscal policy which has become a fetich would, in ordinary circumstances, create endless agitation, but the necessity for fresh war taxes gives a rare opportunity for a move in the right direction without involving tariff wars. It would give us a chance of getting our share of reciprocity, and enable us to offer advantages to our colonies. As revenue *must* be raised all the laws of common sense and sound fiscal policy dictate that duties should be levied so as to encourage, as far as they go, home production and all-round development.

A fixed policy in changing conditions must bring disaster; but this subject is so profoundly complex that no one man, nor one set of men, can grasp the whole of the factors in their far-reaching ramifications, or balance the advantages and disadvantages, as the *L. S. d.* aspect has to be supplemented by other complex considerations hitherto ignored. It is impossible to say at what point our "Free-trade" ceased, or will cease, to give us a balance of advantages. A full discussion of this complex of involved interests would take so long that the conclusions would be out of date by the time they were reached. Therefore, the present opportunity should be seized for a practical experiment that would cause the minimum of disturbance and yet give us invaluable data for further action. As these duties would be strictly for revenue purposes, and all the benefits merely incidental, less free-trade fanaticism would be aroused than by a frontal attack on what has become our commercial religion. It would really be the first step to the only free trade possible, a first approximation to free exchange with all parts of the Empire.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

E. WAKE COOK.

BOER METHODS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 Duke Street, St. James's, S.W.

22 December, 1901.

SIR,—“Norm” has a subtle mind which can distinguish between the killing of a nigger and the murdering of a white man by two successive bullets from the same magazine-rifle. “Tommy Atkins” ought to have a cartridge-pouch made in compartments and marked: Soft nosed for Soudanese, dum-dums for Dacoits. We have fought some tribes which gauge humanity by a higher standard than our own: Buddhists are forbidden to take life, and Mahomet taught his followers to respect the fruit-trees and crops of his enemies; should we measure the solidity of our bullets by the civilisation of our enemies? With regard to the indiscipline of the Boers, has “Norm” heard of the indiscipline of some of our colonial irregulars? Many of these could have been enlisted as mercenaries by any Continental Power to fight for any cause, on as favourable pecuniary terms; I fear that these gentlemen neither handled the burghers nor their property with too much tenderness.

The delay in publishing my letter, written before the appearance of Major Young’s despatch, was not sufficiently prolonged to enable the behaviour of those gentlemen of Birmingham, who support Mr. Chamberlain with both votes and brickbats, to emphasise my argument that one might fare better as a prisoner of war amongst the Boers than amongst the Hooligans of a great city.

In any case, the prolongation of this unhappy war must embitter the burghers, who, in their long veld wanderings, can only turn from memorials of their miseries to trophies of their calamity. Till recently, the Boers generally behaved most honourably. I know of instances where, for days, they searched in the bushveld for our wounded, left behind in retreats and who might have starved to death; I know of a Boer who carried one of our wounded out of danger though exposed to our fire himself; I know that Captain French, whose valour received no recognition in our own despatches, was accorded the rare and precious compliment of an appreciation of the enemy expressed by the erection of a cairn on “the spot where a brave man fell”.

It was with such a spirit that our grandfathers crossed bayonets with their enemy on the bloody fields of Albuera and Talavera.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

HERVEY DE MONTMORENCY.

THE EDUCATION OF OFFICERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

12 Earl’s Court Square, 16 December, 1901.

SIR,—Your correspondent Mr. R. W. Cole in your issue of Saturday the 14th made several admirable remarks, but, as is generally the case with writers on education, he fell foul of “crammers” and he immediately gave evidence that he knows absolutely nothing about either them or their methods.

I will not trouble you with a long letter, but I could very easily prove that our methods are not “highly parasitical” and that our pupils are not “mere automata”. They laugh heartily at both phrases.

Your correspondent must know that assertions to the detriment of any class in the community should not be made except for very sound reasons. I challenge him to name any cramming institution where his imaginary methods are pursued. I have had, I am sorry to say, long and varied experience of education in England of all kinds and I never came across a “crammer” of his type.

Crammers are not “creations of a heat-oppressed brain”. They have local habitations and names. Where do his crammers exhibit their marionettes?

I have been on friendly terms with most of the leading officers of the army under fifty years of age; most of them have frequently assured me that they owe whatever education and originality they possess to their “crammers” or private instructors. I may also say with some pride that nine out of ten of the leaders in South Africa, who have won distinction and applause during the last two dreary, and, to me, ruinous years, were at some time during the past twenty years students in my classes and that one half of the most successful worked with us during the past twelve years. So much for the “pernicious methods” and their results, as far as our classes are concerned. Will Mr. Cole kindly say whether he does or does not refer to our classes and lecturers, some of whom are assuredly among the best and most original teachers inside or outside the army? I submit, Sir, that it is unfair on his part to try to ruin our reputation and business by general statements without any data or examples or clear references. If he will say that he referred to us I can at once overwhelm you with scores of letters from distinguished officers, Generals in London and V.C.’s and D.S.O.’s in every part of our distant possessions to prove that he had not been properly instructed or even “crammed” with knowledge as to the training of officers.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

T. M. MAGUIRE.

[We sincerely hope our correspondent will not overwhelm us with scores of letters from his distinguished pupils, who apparently include the whole army, barring the failures.—ED. S.R.]

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Seville, 16 December, 1901.

SIR,—Being in the South of Europe I have only just seen your very kind notice of my "History of the Jesuits in England" in the issue of 16 November. In thanking you for it I beg to correct a mistake. Your reviewer speaks of me as "Dom Taunton" and as a Benedictine. I am not a monk. I have the honour to belong to the secular clergy.

I also desire to state that Benedictines are in no way connected with my book, either by suggestions or by providing materials. I am led to say this as I hear that certain folk of "curious minds" have given out that I am not the real author—and that all the materials have been supplied to me by Benedictines. So very sure are these same "curious minds" that they even profess to know the times and places where I am supposed to have received instruction and material! The MS. passed under no eye save my own until it was in the hands of the publishers; and the only body of men to whom I am indebted for most of my materials are the Jesuits themselves whose very plain statements I found quite sufficient for my purpose.

I am, yours faithfully,

ETHELRED L. TAUNTON.

HIGH-TONED ISOLATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

7 Sloane Street, S.W.

SIR,—I did not think that the Ibsenian apothegm "that he is the strongest man who stands alone" had been quite so universally accepted in England. But so it is. Whilst we have (I think) rejected as one man the Ibsenian drama as too real for our conversing, we have taken the author to our hearts as a politician. I know of course that Ibsen counts two votaries in this country, Mr. Shaw and Mr. Archer, but what are they amongst so many millions of sensible hard-headed in-artistic folk? Besides it is possible that Mr. Shaw's and Mr. Archer's admiration of Ibsen is merely artistic and therefore does not count.

With Germany France and the United States never tired of denouncing us or of holding pro-Boer meetings, at which we are referred to as "pirates" and "assassins", one would have thought that even our press would not have gone out of its way to make more enemies for us.

But, during the last few days, insulting articles have appeared in several of our influential papers, treating the Chilians and the Argentines as savages, for holding out threats of armed intervention on the part of England. Now it happens, that in the Spanish-American Republics and especially in Chile and Argentina is the name of England respected. In fact throughout the whole world they are about the only countries in which to be an Englishman is not to shut the door of sympathy.

So far as I know neither country has injured us; on the contrary by desiring our intervention they have paid us a compliment. Incredible as it may seem, some of the English papers now and then find their way to those benighted lands.

What other way have the citizens of those countries to judge us than by the writing in our press and the utterance of our public men? It is in vain to tell them that our press is often quite ignorant of all things Spanish-American, or to insinuate to them that a public man and a public woman are often nearly on the same footing as regards public consideration in the minds of the lieges.

Still I venture to think that it is impolitic, Philistine, and underbred gratuitously to insult anybody, even a member of the Latin races: it is I know a nuisance that the Latin races persist in cumbering the earth, but what are we to do? We cannot collect them all in concentration camps in insanitary districts.

Still, whilst we sit watching them putrefy with the best grace they can, it might be prudent not to make more enemies out of the sheer delight of flinging mud.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

REVIEWS.

THE UNTRANSLATEABLE IN POETRY.

A Commentary on Tennyson's "In Memoriam." By A. C. Bradley. London: Macmillan. 1901. 4s. 6d. net.

WE have been so surfeited with books on Tennyson since the "Memoir" was published a few years ago that we may own to having taken up Mr. Bradley's commentary with misgivings. It was hoped that the authoritative "Memoir"—a work which, be its shortcomings what they may, is certainly not lacking in the reserve and dignity that are so essential—would put a stop for a long time to the impertinent explanations of Tennyson's religious views, to anecdotes about his wine-cellar and wardrobe. The hope was vain. The stream of stories of Tennyson's wit and humour, idle gossip about how such and such a line first formed itself in his mind, took its rise, if we remember aright, in monthly reviews when the world had scarcely recognised that he was dead, and has never really ended, though for a short time the "Memoir" did dam it up. Of late it has burst forth anew. Book after book on Tennyson has been printed. Happily most of the anecdotes, criticisms and explanations served out in these books have been talked of for a week or two and no more, have gone in at one ear and out at the other. One has told us—this is the kind of thing at any rate—how Tennyson once laid an affectionate hand on his shoulder, a touch that thrills through him to this day: a second has a brilliant new anecdote to relate of how he met a man in Scotland who called Tennyson Mr. Tensbury—"and this is fame!" &c.: a third never knew Tennyson at all, has no new tale to tell about him, and so contents himself with informing us that "Aylmer's Field" is not poetry, that "The Two Voices" drags, but that as a story ("I cannot forgive thy praise—musty Christopher!") "Enoch Arden" was very creditably done. It is hard to say which is the most offensive: the effusions of the hero-worshipper who will not see that he is maudlin, the chatter of the tittle-tattler—"they chattered trifles at the door"—or the effrontery of the critic, who, now patronising, now condemning, deals with Tennyson's greatest work as he would with the early efforts of any rhymster. Is it surprising that, with such painful experience of books on Tennyson lately printed, a reader should open a new commentary on the "In Memoriam" with misgiving, in spite of the name and reputation of its author? He will not, however, read much before finding to his relief that Mr. Bradley's work is on very different lines. We gravely doubt whether this commentary, notwithstanding the great pains and the thought that he has given to it, will add very much to the large store of delight and profit with which "In Memoriam" is read: but then we doubt whether any commentary could be or could have been written—perhaps even by Tennyson himself—which could achieve that: and such a doubt is not inconsistent with a sincere respect for the way in which Mr. Bradley has done his work, for his restraint and modesty and unassertive scholarship. Here we find a model of what a commentary on a great work should be, every page instinct with thoughtfulness; complete sympathy and appreciation; the most reverent care shown in the attempted interpretation of passages whose meaning to a large degree evades, and will always evade, readers of "In Memoriam". It is clear to us that Mr. Bradley has devoted long time and thought to his work, and that he has published the result of his labours simply to help those who like himself have been and are in difficulties as to the drift of various passages. He is not of course the first who has addressed himself to the interpretation of "In Memoriam" in this spirit: we might instance, among others, Dr. Gatty—whose "key" Mr. Bradley often refers to—and the Rev. Frederick W. Robertson whose simple little "Analysis" he does not mention, though twenty years ago it had run through ten editions or more: but Mr. Bradley's own commentary is sure to take rank as the most searching and scholarly of any.

There are two reasons why we question whether Mr. Bradley is wise in devoting to comment abilities

and much time which might otherwise have been given to some creative work. In the first place Mr. Bradley's work goes far to convince one that poetry, such as "In Memoriam" is made of, cannot be turned into prose without losing so intensely in the process that the result is quite disappointing, yielding small return for the very earnest intellectual efforts given to the task: secondly, is life really long enough for any save a very few scholars, whose time is absolutely their own, to justify lovers and constant readers of Tennyson looking at a single poem through the intellectual microscope which Mr. Bradley and others so often use? We wish it were: we cannot say we are convinced it is. To touch, first, upon Mr. Bradley's attempt to interpret the ideas, the philosophy, the whole creed of "In Memoriam", to transfer this from poetry to prose, to set forth simply and clearly the drift of each section and stanza—for we will not refer here to those chapters discussing the origin, composition, chronology and arrangement of the poem, which do not greatly interest us, and perhaps might have been put together by a painstaking writer equipped much less strongly than Mr. Bradley. Before entering upon the minute commentary of words and figures in "In Memoriam" Mr. Bradley devotes two chapters to, respectively, "The 'Way of the Soul'", "The Ideas used in 'In Memoriam'". At the outset he makes a statement which seems to us largely to give away his case in favour of setting forth in prose the meaning of the obscure passages in Tennyson's poetry. He very properly takes exception to the fashion of attributing the great popularity of "In Memoriam" entirely to its didactic character. This is equivalent, says Mr. Bradley, to an assertion that, if "the so-called substance of the poem had been presented in common prose the work would have gained the same hold upon the mass of educated readers that is now possessed by the poem itself". And, in a footnote, he adds: "This, in strictness, is an impossible supposition. Anything that could be so presented would not be really the substance of the poem". Precisely; that is why we doubt the value and the wisdom of these interpretations by Mr. Bradley. The "In Memoriam" does undoubtedly contain for many people writhing under grievous loss, or tortured by religious doubt and difficulty, something more like a message of hope, a creed of consolation than any other great poem in the language. But, as Mr. Bradley says truly, and as should be clear to everyone—though apparently there are enthusiasts who would go so far as to claim for Tennyson pre-eminence as a scientist and philosopher!—the language of the poem is that of imagination, and the form of argumentation on strict statement is (fortunately) never attempted. Reduced to a prosaic form then the message of hope melts away.

In his preface Mr. Bradley says, again most truly, that, apart from possible defects, fine poetry is indefinite, that the language has "a vague suggestiveness on which its virtue largely depends and which disappears in a paraphrase". But this "suggestiveness or untranslatable 'meaning' attaches", he tells us, "to a definite mental matter, namely images and thoughts, the outlines of which should be clear to us, however little we may be able to exhaust their significance". The image or thought then, according to Mr. Bradley, may be grasped and reduced to plain, uninspired prose; the "vague suggestiveness or untranslatable 'meaning'", that hovers around it, cannot. We hope that the distinction, which Mr. Bradley gives, may not be judged by some of his readers to be in the nature of a distinction without a difference: for ourselves, we do not think it is a good working distinction. Shelley's hymn to Asia, with its white-hot spiritual fire, is an instance of fine poetry possessing the vague suggestiveness of which Mr. Bradley speaks. We think he would be a rash man, who, armed with the distinction referred to, set to work to interpret "Life of Life! thy lips enkindle", to explain to us the exact nature of that "Lamp of Earth" whose high privileged souls

"Walk upon the winds with lightness,
Till they fail, as I am failing,
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing".

Does not Mr. Addington Symonds say in effect some-

where—we write from recollection—that it is perfectly hopeless to try to explain who the "Life of Life" is to any man or woman who puts the question to one? The hymn is not contained in the "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics": if it had been we fancy Mr. Palgrave would have left all but its beauty uncommented on. To capture the fleeting image, to set it down in black and white, does seem as impossible a task as to weigh the sparkling bubbles at the fountain, to seize and imprison the rays of sunlight in the closed hand. "Life of Life" interpreted or explained in prose would prove as disappointing as, say, *sunt lacrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt* translated literally, translated at all—to those who are stirred deeply by Shelley, far more. It may be argued that Shelley's lyrics are so intensely ethereal in their essence as not to be susceptible of treatment which may be practicable and useful applied to Tennyson's elegy. The argument is not beside the mark, yet surely the question is but one of degree. There seems to us plenty of passages in the "In Memoriam" with meanings as untranslatable into sober prose as much that must perplex and perhaps annoy the dull reader who wants a plain answer to his plain question about the "Life of Life". As we have said, the difference between Shelley and Tennyson in this respect seems to us to be just one of degree. We admit of course that there are passages in the "In Memoriam" which so good a man as Mr. Bradley may really illumine, but we cannot in honesty say that his earnest attempts to do so in the case of the "God shuts the doorway of his head" stanza or

"And one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves"

are highly encouraging.

Turning from the efforts of interpretation and paraphrase to what may be described as the minute and exact literary scholarship which this book displays, the reader will find Mr. Bradley at his best. We doubt, as we have said, whether life will be found, by any save a very few leisured people, long enough to compare this or that use of a certain word or image with others similar in the works of the same writer or in the works of other writers. But that doubt does not imply that we think that it is of no interest to trace in the "In Memoriam" and other poems the effect which Tennyson's reading and appreciation of many writers in more than one language had upon his own work. As for the differences between the first and the latest altered edition of "In Memoriam", most earnest students of the poem will probably wish to satisfy their—shall we say?—curiosity as to these. If they have not done so by collating the texts, or by the simpler plan of referring to the little volume "Tennysonianana", they will find in Mr. Bradley all they can desire. Not a few of what may be called the minute comments are entirely delightful, and should really add something to the profit, which even those who have long been familiar with the poem, derive through each fresh reading. As an instance the notes about the smoking yew and the "kindling tips" of the tree could not be better. Mr. Bradley is not quite so happy in one or two of the notes on the great stanzas on the singing nightingale. "The 'wild bird' is generally and naturally taken for the nightingale, whose song, &c." Why "generally and naturally taken for the nightingale", when no one could suppose it to be any other bird? And is it really necessary to tell us that "darkening leaf" means the leaf as night comes on? Dr. Gatty "supposes an antithesis between 'budded quicks' (of spring) and 'darkening leaf' (of summer)". That merely shows that Dr. Gatty did not know, or had forgotten, that the nightingale ceases singing before the leaf darkens through the advance of summer. In conclusion, we must beg to dissent emphatically from Mr. Bradley's view that the Epilogue was unnecessary and that parts of it are written in Tennyson's "most mannered style". That is what one would not expect from one who knows and cares for "In Memoriam" so truly: it seems to us as unhappy as Sir Harris Nicolas' depreciation of the final form of Walton's May Day sermon on the way to Totnam High Cross.

PASTE AND SCISSORS SCHOLARSHIP.

"The Songs of Alcæus." Memoir and Text, with Literal and Verse Translations and Notes, by J. S. Easby Smith. Washington: Lowdermilk and Co. 1901. 10s. 6d. net.

WE might speak less impatiently of a book of this kind if we had seen nothing like it before. Unfortunately America is inuring us to a type of solidant scholar who assumes all the airs and pretensions of the editorial task and yet contributes absolutely nothing towards the illustration of his author—except, it may be, as in this case, a loose metrical paraphrase of which the best that can be said is that it is the least exceptionable part of a worthless book. "I have not" says this pattern of mock-modesty "attempted any textual or metrical criticism, leaving that to more able scholars; and I would here invite the critical student to the great work of Bergk, the ablest Greek scholar of the century"—and so this vir illaudatus having handed to Bergk his little slice of praise proceeds to refer to "others mentioned in the bibliography". The bibliography! Strange, but true. A publication so shallow and ignorant as this boasts nevertheless of a bibliography. We find mention in this bibliography of "Smith's Classical Dictionary". Quite so. The article there to be found upon Alcæus is a model of what such articles ought to be—conscientious without ostentation; and this author proceeds to amplify either that or some other of his documents into a bald and rambling narrative after the style of "John Inglesant". "Then followed another period of internal dissensions and bloody wars. Myrsus, Megalagrus, the Cleanactids, and others placed themselves at the head of the people, each claiming to be endeavouring to establish a democracy, but really intending to enthrone himself as tyrant. Against these demagogues Alcæus, with intense patriotism and unquestioned bravery, led the nobles" &c. We know this bread and milk of the nursery and we have outgrown it.

It is difficult to detect an author of this kind in an error since all his material is borrowed from books of reference, but when he attempts a little bit of unseen translation he naturally gives himself away at once. Dionysius said of Alcæus that he had "τὸ ἥδον μετὰ δεινότητος" and this author translates the phrase into "sweetness coupled with stern power". It is not too much to say that a writer who translates "δεινότης" by "stern power" simply knows no Greek at all. As Professor Saintsbury says, it is a word of many connotations in later Greek criticism. In the case of Alcæus it means no doubt that smooth as his versification was it never ceased to be incisive—much in the same way as that might be said of Pope. We find this writer giving a promise, which biographers more often make than keep, that he has "refrained from relating probabilities or possibilities as facts" and later in the book we find this undertaking violated in the spirit if not in the letter by a paragraph of gush which may fitly bring our reading of this volume to a welcome end. "They" (Alcæus and Sappho) "were both poets, both aristocrats, both natives of Mitylene. They were therefore necessarily brought into close contact with each other, and it would be strange indeed had not the strong, impulsive, manly, warrior-poet become enamoured of the poetess, as less strong, but truly feminine, no less impulsive but more delicate, a woman before whose genius he, master-poet though he was, must have bowed down in self forgetful homage". It is only characteristic of this sort of writer that he should adopt the ridiculous term "melic". If "lyric" was good enough for Bergk and Quintilian we cannot see why it is not good enough for us. In the meantime these petty affectations are eminently diagnostic. We have been given to understand that the making—or in its classical sense "compiling"—of books of this kind has been made in America the stepping-stone to some sort of diplomas or degrees. It is a pity that America should suffer herself to be represented in the department of classical scholarship by a pretentious loquacity.

THE OXFORD DICTIONARY.

"A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles." Vol. V. Kaiser—Kyx. Edited by Dr. J. A. H. Murray. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1901. 5s.

THE completion of the fifth volume of this great undertaking deserves to be signalled. The part is interesting in many respects. It contains a larger number of odd words, probably, than any corresponding section, and some of them—such as the delightful term *kyx*, though only an obsolete variant of *kex*, a dialectal name for the hollow stem especially of umbelliferous plants—will be invaluable to those weary nuisances, the acrostic-mongers, who should however be prohibited from mystifying their victims with *kakapo*, *kakaralli*, *kakariki*, *kakkerlak*, *kaleege*, *kalong*, *kanchil*, *katipo*, *kidang*, *kinnikinic*, and other names for foreign and colonial trees, plants, animals, birds, and what not. Several of the articles are peculiarly apposite at the present moment. There is *king*, for example, in all its bearings and connexions, in view of the Coronation, and there is a most interesting history of *kaiser*—but that is a word we have always with us, like the poor: it goes back in English as far as "*Havelok*", about 1300. The recent debates in the Australian Parliament on coloured labour emphasised the peculiar "*kan-garoo*" pronunciation of *kanaka*, which ought to be accented *kánaka*. Kangaroo, by the way, appears with all its curious applications, as an animal, a chair, a bicycle, an Australian, and a branch of Stock Exchange business. Of the purely English articles some of the best are on *keel*, *keen*, *keep*, *key*, *know*. It is refreshing to read that our humane neighbours the Dutch did not abolish the truly considerate practice of keelhauling until 1853—not half a century before those terrible Concentration Camps excited so much righteous indignation in their compassionate breasts. Under "*keeper*" one is surprised to find no mention of one of its familiar uses, for the keepers of departments in the British Museum. The prefix *ker-* is exemplified by several good instances, as *kerflop*, *kerplunk*, but we miss Uncle Remus' *kerblinketyblunk*, though the famous Carisbrooke *knicketyknock* is duly recorded.

The verb to *kipple*—a nonce-word of J. K. S.—is excluded, though other nonce-words find a place in the Dictionary. *Kiss-me-quick* is properly cited as a term for a small bonnet, but its application to a temptingly brief veil is not mentioned. *Kriegspiel*, hardly English, has recently been adopted among us, at least since the Franco-German war, but it is recorded to have been played in Germany as early as 1811: whereby hangs a lesson in military education. Oriental names appear in great numbers in the present part, and their etymologies are carefully traced with the aid of the scholarship of Mr. John T. Platts and Mr. James Platt. *Kazi*, *kedjezee*, *kermes*, *khan*, *khalsab*, *khanjar*, *kef* or *keyf*, *keffiyeh* (better *kuffiyeh*), are good examples. The first spelling given in each case is of course the one that the editor approves, but it is a pity that he does not definitely condemn spellings which are conspicuously bad, such as *kharki* for *khaki*, *khediva* for *khedivia*, *khansamah* for *khansaman*, where the final nasal *n* is wrongly changed to *h*. In the case of *khamseen* the etymology is incorrect. The Arabic is not *khamsin*, "*fifty*", but *khamāsīn* (a non-classical plural of *khamṣūn*)—"the fifties". Under *khutba* the locus classicus should have been cited, Lane, *Modern Egyptians*, ch. iii. *Khoja* is explained merely as a teacher, whereas it has an interesting history, and meant prince and also saint at various times and places. *Khushkhus* is traced through Urdu to Persian, but its ultimate source should be Arabic, since no word of Persian origin includes the letter *khā*.

Mr. Platts has an ingenious suggestion to explain *Keffekill*, a name for *meerscham*; the usual derivation is *Kaffa-gil*, clay of *Kaffa*, the Crimean town whence it was exported, but he suggests *kef-i-gil*, "foam of clay". The admitted difficulty is that the proper Persian name is *kef-i-daryā*, "foam of the sea", but the alternative form is possible. There is a good article on *keelvine*, a name by which probably few people would recognise the lead pencil

of commerce; and of sects, doctrines, and scientific monstrosities there is a pleasing variety. We wonder if any ordinary person knows what a kevenhuller is among hats? or a kenoticist among theologians? Kipper is a fruitful article for fishermen, though the etymology is uncertain (like the House of Keys) and it appears that Mr. Pennant—we say it with awe—is mainly responsible for the deadly sin of confounding a kipper with a kelt. When the Dictionary, departing from the calm contempt of Dr. Johnson, begins laying down the law on the natural history of that perplexing beast the salmon, we suspect there is a probability of wigs on the green. Perhaps Mr. Henry Ffennel will begin? Dr. Murray however shrinks from nothing and evades no obstacles, but goes straight ahead in sure reliance upon his massed authorities. We confess we wish he would not lend his countenance to the spelling Tartar, and we could forgive him if he turned a blind eye to some vile words—like *keeperess*—which might very conveniently be ignored. But there is no tampering with Dr. Murray's conscience. Every word must go in, if he can catch it, and we must repeat what we have often said before that, admitting the catholic principle of inclusion, the work is done almost as perfectly as can be conceived. Every new part increases our admiration.

JEWES AND JUDAISM.

"The Jewish Encyclopedia." Vol. I. New York and London: Funk and Wagnalls. 1901. 87.

IF there are ranks in suffering, Israel takes precedence of all the nations; if the duration of sorrows and the patience with which they are borne ennoble, the Jews are among the aristocracy of every land; if a literature is called rich for possessing a few classic tragedies, what shall we say to a national tragedy lasting for fifteen hundred years, in which the poets and the actors were themselves the heroes? The spell of Jewish history, thus finely touched by Zunz,* is felt by all who study it. The two forces which chiefly determine the direction of human history, the instinct of race and religious zeal, have been combined in Judaism to a degree and for a period hardly paralleled elsewhere. The creed and the people are inseparable; and it is this which gives its persistence to the one and its dignity to the other. For nearly three millenniums Israel has been the witness and the champion of monotheism, the basis of all true religion, and its life has made "half the inspiration of the world". What a loyalty so steadfast has cost the race must appeal to everyone who has any sympathy with human endurance and any reverence for great ideals. But, while the Jews have clung thus tenaciously to their own inheritance, they have thrown themselves, with characteristic ability, into the interests of the countries where they have settled. With all their private exclusiveness, they are the most cosmopolitan people in the world. They have more than held their own, in spite of the jealousy of Christian governments. And here comes in another interesting feature of Jewish history. Until comparatively recent years the constitution of the Christian states has denied a recognised position to the Jew, and even yet there are countries where he is hardly admitted to a citizenship worthy of the name. For ages the Jew has had to contend for the elementary human rights, and this has made him an ally, sometimes an instigator, in many modern struggles for an equality of consideration for all.

But while the average man knows a certain period of the history of Israel better than he knows the history of his own country, few people know anything of the history of Judaism, still less anything accurate of its distinctive principles. It has been said by an eminent authority that in modern times the only two Christians, not of Jewish birth or education, who possessed any deep knowledge of Jewish literature, were the late Franz Delitzsch and Dr. Pusey. The reason is not difficult to discover. A good deal must be put down to prejudice, but still more to the difficulty of the language, partly a debased form of Aramaic, partly the rabbinic

dialect of the schools. It requires more than a stout heart to attack the formidable mass of the Talmud, and even when an entrance has been won the spoils are apt to seem scarcely sufficient to reward the labour; one must be a Jew born to move with ease and appetite through its vast, desultory pages. The promoters of the "Jewish Encyclopedia" have undertaken to make the Jews, their literature, their institutions, their achievements, better known to the English-speaking world. It is an immense task, to be completed in twelve large volumes. Judging from the first, the work deserves to be received with sympathy and respect. It is marked by conspicuous fairness of tone; even the treatment of the Jews in Russia is recorded with a truly admirable restraint. The biblical articles are arranged in clear divisions; the biblical data are given first—we cannot help thinking that it is superfluous to tell the Bible stories over again in works of this kind—then follows a temperate statement of the critical view, and then a valuable account of the Talmudic discussion on the subject, which is pursued, where necessary, into Mohammedan and Hellenist literature. The editors claim that Jewish traditions on the whole represent the spirit of progress in their treatment of the Bible; their own treatment is certainly progressive. With regard to the Talmud, they adopt a strictly objective point of view; the Talmud is left to speak for itself, as a rule without any criticism. The majority of the illustrations seem to us a mistake, and beneath the dignity of the work. Why should the Band of the Woodbine Colony, or the Children of Clara Colony Starting for School, be perpetuated in this monumental fashion? There is too much of America; and we are conscious here and there of the disagreeable push of American enterprise. However, these are minor matters. The biographies of eminent Jews and Jewesses are particularly interesting: but on page 53 there is a misleading statement that Isaac Abendana "became Professor of Hebrew at Oxford University," apparently after 1671. But the great Pococke was professor from 1648 to 1691; and even after Pococke's death Abendana did not become professor, for in 1630 the professorship had been annexed to a canonry at Christ Church. Abendana was never more than "a teacher of Hebrew." Lidzbarski's article is the best account of the origin and history of the Semitic alphabet that exists in English; it is written by a master of the subject. A great deal of tedious detail is devoted to the Jewish colonies; yet these rather pathetic ventures have an interest of their own. The on-looker may see in them the outcome of that spirit which is continually stirring much that is best and most distinctive in Judaism, the ambition of an organised nationality, an independent Jewish State, established once more, perhaps, in the ancestral home of the race. Only thus, dream the more ardent enthusiasts, can Israel accomplish its sacred trust. On the other hand, there is the opposite ideal, cherished by many of the most high-minded and cultivated Jews of the present day, which lays the emphasis upon the creed rather than upon the nation, and is willing to part even with venerable traditions and exclusive aims for the sake of upholding, in a world of unbelief, the faith in the One God. We are not concerned to take sides over such an issue; but there are depths of significance in the saying of Rabbi Hillel ("Aboth," i, 14): "If I do not care for myself, who will care for me? And if I care only for myself, what am I? And if not now, when?"

SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH.

"Life of the Rt. Hon. Sir William Molesworth, M.P., F.R.S." By Mrs. Fawcett. Macmillan. 1901. 8s. 6d. net.

PHILOSOPHIC Radical, freethinker, freetrader and colonial reformer—that sums up the career of Sir William Molesworth. He was a minor philosophic and political genius: often far-sighted, always courageous, liberal minded and public spirited. His life would be worth the telling at any time because he gauged several great movements correctly, though he went wholly astray in regard to others. It is parti-

* "Die alt synagogale Poesie des Mittelalters." Berlin, 1885, p. 9.

cularly worth telling just now because radical of radicals though he was in the days of the first Reform Bill, he was still an Imperialist and believed in the future of the Empire to which Queen Victoria succeeded. It requires considerable imagination to-day to picture the state of the British dominions beyond the seas in the thirties; it required not only imagination but unflinching optimism at that date to see anything else ahead but disintegration. Discontent and disgust with Downing Street methods were rampant; the Canadas were in rebellion owing to the refusal of the Imperial Government to take count of local wishes; Australia was in despair at the consequences of the continuance of transportation; and at the Cape chaos and uncertainty had resulted from the manner in which the abolition of slavery was carried out. The men who grasped the truth in those dark days were few in number. John Stuart Mill, Buller, Wakefield and Molesworth were chiefs of the small band who believed that colonial autonomy and united Empire were compatible. The Tories and the Whigs favoured persistence in a hopeless course; the Radicals urged concessions which they were convinced would pave the way to separation. Molesworth held other views—views which were confirmed by the influence of Edward Gibbon Wakefield, the most practical of colonial dreamers, the founder of South Australia and New Zealand and the inspirer of Lord Durham, and this volume will be read with special interest by all who possess Dr. Garnett's *Life of Wakefield*. Molesworth trusted colonial loyalty and aspired to the ideal of a system of self-governing states "clustering round the central hereditary authority of England". If Raleigh deserves to be remembered as the founder of the Colonial Empire of Great Britain, Molesworth and his friends, as Mrs. Fawcett says, must be remembered as its "liberators and regenerators".

How little the idea of a free Empire was understood in the middle of the nineteenth century may be gleaned from a remark of Roebuck's: "Molesworth" he said "has just started a crotchet the strangest possible, that the Crown cannot form a Colonial Government without representative institutions". The statement was as gross a misrepresentation of what Molesworth proposed as could be expected from the most uncompromising of opponents. Molesworth aimed at giving the colonies the right to control their own local affairs, in the assurance that self-government would prove the best cure for the ills from which the Imperial body politic was suffering. If Molesworth and Mill had had their way the philosophic radicals would have formed a strong Imperialist party, but then as now the radicals were a divided house and in 1837 as in 1901 the cry was for a leader. In 1840 Lord Durham having saved Canada for the Empire returned home in disgrace. Hopes seem to have been entertained that he would place himself at the head of the Radicals, and, while exorcising the evil spirit of Whiggery, give the country the chance of a radical Imperial Government. That Lord Durham could have done for the Radicals in 1840 what Lord Rosebery fails to do in 1901 is hardly conceivable. The Cobdens and the Brights would have proved the same impossible coadjutors that the Bannermans and the Lloyd Georges are to-day. Lord Durham's death left Molesworth and his friends to fight the battle of colonial emancipation alone and unled. Molesworth was untiring in his efforts in Parliament and out to educate the public to a more enlightened conception of colonial needs. His grasp of all that affected the colonies was the more remarkable because he had never visited them. His labour of love in preparing a monumental edition of Hobbes must have been comparatively light beside that demanded of the man who astonished Wakefield by the intimacy of his knowledge of Canadian affairs. It is amusing to think that the occasion on which he was nearest to a trip to the colonies was when Wakefield endeavoured to induce him to go to New Zealand as a pioneer governor under the auspices of the New Zealand Association. Molesworth refused to be either "a great decoy duck" in England or "a sort of pigeon" to be plucked in the colony. Moreover he thought he was steadily rising in public favour and that he would have an opportunity of

distinguishing himself at home—a conceit which was characteristic of the man. His opinion of himself was at least as great as that of some of his admirers, and greater than that of his excellent biographer, if we take her work as a whole.

Mrs. Fawcett's strictures on Sir William Molesworth's South African views will displease present day radical readers, but there is no question that the perennial crop of troubles at the Cape overbalanced his judgment. He was an imperial consolidator and in no sense an expansionist, and the spectacle of the British frontier in South Africa being pushed ever further north alarmed him. He "who had so strongly grasped the conception of the Imperial idea in Australia and Canada, was a Little Englander in South Africa". The great trek rendered it necessary to carry some semblance of civilised government well to the north of where Pretoria now stands. The proclamation of this huge tract of country as British was described by Molesworth as adding "another worthless kingdom to our barren South African Empire". South Africa he was convinced could never form part of a United British Empire and the mischievous effect of the views he urged is felt to the present moment. He accepted a portfolio in Lord Aberdeen's Government as Commissioner of Works; and was therefore a party to the Crimean war and the abandonment of the Orange River Territory—two disastrous chapters in our imperial history which make 1854 a memorable year. In 1878 when Messrs. Kruger and Joubert came to England they used a speech of Molesworth's as one of the principal weapons with which to attack the incorporation of their country in the Empire. In 1855, Molesworth succeeded Lord John Russell as Colonial Secretary in Palmerston's Government. What he would have achieved in that position can only be conjectured. Ere the congratulations of the distant parts of the Empire could reach him, he was dead. He came of a family whose "life" record was not good, and there seems, as Mrs. Fawcett suggests, to have been a sort of fatality attaching to the colonial reformers. "Charles Buller died at the age of 42; Lord Durham at 48; his successor in Canada, Lord Sydenham, at 42; and Sir William Molesworth at 45."

VANISHING AFRICANS.

"The Last of the Masai." By S. L. and H. Hinde. London: Heinemann. 1901. 15s. net.

ONE of the greatest of African explorers, the late Mr. Joseph Thomson, was among the first to call attention to the brave and warlike clans, known collectively as the Masai. His book, "Through Masailand," published in 1884, has much to tell of these in many ways unique African people. In 1883, when East Africa was comparatively unknown and unexplored, the Masai lorded it as they pleased over a great tract of country lying between the first degree of North and the fifth degree of South latitude. Brave, warlike, aristocratic, of fine physique, disdaining to intermingle with other races, they were a terror to the adjacent tribes. They attacked and plundered caravans at will, and Mr. Thomson himself had many uncomfortable moments with them. In spite of these dangers and drawbacks, Mr. Thomson, in common with most other Europeans who have had experience of the Masai, was not able to conceal a decided admiration for their good qualities, their manly bearing, dignity, intelligence, and a sense of truth too often lacking in the average African. Much the same kind of admiration was extorted by the Zulus in the days of their pride from the Englishmen who came in contact with them.

Since the middle eighties the Masai have fallen upon evil times; much of their glory and prestige has departed from them; they are now a broken and apparently a decaying race. Mr. and Mrs. Hinde, in the present work, have much of interest to tell concerning this race of warriors, their history, habits and customs, and the causes which have led to their disappearance from the pride of place till lately occupied by them in East Africa. Various phenomena have contributed to this decline. The Masai were never a race of traders; they were warriors and cattle-holders.

Rinderpest, which during the last fifteen years has swept Africa from north to south, did much to destroy their power. Their herds of cattle disappeared; their warriors were carried off wholesale by famine and smallpox; already, when the British East Africa Company took over the Protectorate in 1888, the power of these formidable clansmen was vanishing. "The few expeditions undertaken by the Masai against other natives of the country, or white caravans, were unsuccessful. The effect of this was that the Masai, retiring and shy by nature when not actually on the war-path, withdrew from the lines of communication established by the company. Two or three attacks on the company's stations . . . invariably resulted in the raiders being driven off with heavy loss. In 1893 after a battle of several days' duration between two divisions of the Masai—each led by a son of the recently deceased Sultan Batian—the losers appealed to the company's official at Fort Smith for protection." Thereupon British influence was brought to bear upon them. The Masai have been latterly our very good friends and have rendered valuable assistance in punitive expeditions against adjacent tribes. In 1895 the Imperial Government took over the administration of British East Africa; the company ceased to exist, and subsequently Mr. Hinde became Resident and Collector of Masailand. He has had many opportunities of obtaining information concerning this unique and interesting people, and, assisted by Mrs. Hinde, has embodied the results of his gleanings in the present volume. In doing so the authors have undoubtedly rendered service to physiologists and to students of Africa and its development, who will find much to interest them in this book.

The Masai are singularly fair fighting men, depending rather upon the unconquerable valour of each individual warrior than upon overwhelming their foes by mere force of numbers. In their old raiding days, when they swept vast districts, carrying off thousands of head of cattle in a single foray, "they never went more than a hundred strong and usually numbered only thirty, forty, or fifty. This small force of warriors was sufficient to fight and defeat the superior numbers of other natives". The prestige of the Masai as a fighting race must have been great indeed. These strange people have various chivalrous attributes, which distinguish them from all other Africans. They invariably send notice to their adversaries that they are about to attack them; they spare their prisoners; and there is no such thing among them as treachery or stabbing behind. Their tribal battles are a series of duels, man to man, and they fight to the death. The women, knowing that they are perfectly safe, encourage their menkind with shrill cries. Altogether this is a very curious race of Africans. Many of their customs bear strong resemblance to those of the Zulus, but it is a question whether there is any kind of historic connexion between the two peoples. The Zulus speak Bantu and are a branch of that race. The Masai are apparently not of Bantu blood at all and speak a language fundamentally different.

It is to be hoped that under the ægis of the British Government the remnants of the Masai may be preserved to East Africa. They are too fine a race of savages to disappear like Bushmen and the steadily decreasing Hottentots. In addition to the very interesting information concerning the Masai, this book contains notes on the game of East Africa. Other travellers and hunters, Mr. F. J. Jackson, Sir John Willoughby, Mr. Neumann, among them, have, however, already anticipated Mr. Hinde in this field, and this part of the work can scarcely be considered as new or necessary.

NOVELS.

"Christopher Deane: a Character Study at School and College." By E. Lacon Watson. London: Elkin Mathews. 1901. 6s.

It is always pleasant to find life at a public school or university described by one who understands. As themes for fiction both institutions exercise a subtle fascination on the ignorant writer, and from contemporary novelists the intelligent foreigner can as a rule

no more derive any sound ideas of our schools and colleges than he will on our national character from Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. If, however, he reads Mr. Lacon Watson's new book, he will conclude that Winchester and Cambridge are surprisingly dull places. The fact seems to be that, for reasons which are obscure, we shall not easily get another good school story or any good novel on Oxford or Cambridge. Work like Mr. Watson's interests those who have known the realities: the characters in his book might very well have been at one's own school or college, and in reading them one calls up half-unconsciously innumerable trifles, and blends these with one's fancies. In a word, we are interested. But when we look critically into the book, we see that the interest very largely depends on ourselves. Mr. Watson would convey little to an American, let us say, or to a woman. His book is in no sense a "character study": we are told what happened to Christopher Deane, how he missed a catch or a scholarship, and so on. We find that, when the scene moves to London, the hero is a completely unknown factor. Further, the elementary blunder by which a friend of Deane, writing of their joint experiences, is made to describe scenes of childhood which were beyond his cognisance and conversations at which he was not present, destroys all impression of reality. For the rest, Mr. Watson should have pondered the advice of the critic in his own pages who says: "When you sit down to write a story, give it a beginning, a middle, and an end".

"Love and Life behind the Purdah." By Cornelia Sorabji. London: Freemantle. 1901. 6s.

Miss Sorabji writes with knowledge and she writes with an object which she skilfully avoids obtruding. Her stories point their own moral. She lifts the purdah and gives her readers a glimpse of the life of those who live inside and the disabilities which their seclusion entails. She has herself striven to lessen one of those disabilities and to the discredit of our Indian administration has so far striven in vain. Where women of the better class are so hampered by the customs of the country in the protection of their own interests, it is most desirable that qualified legal advisers of their own sex should have access to the Zenanas and consult with clients whose cases they could represent in court. But the rules of Indian Courts, as in other countries, forbid the admission of women as legal practitioners. Miss Sorabji, though prepared to submit to the prescribed tests and qualified by both general education and technical training, has failed to obtain the necessary authority to practise as an advocate. This book testifies her literary skill. These stories are gracefully written and should be read by all who wish to study the position of women in the life of native India. Through them all runs a tone of melancholy which is truly Indian and a simplicity which enhances the pathos. It is curious to observe that it is only when Miss Sorabji attempts to write broken or "Babu" English that her language betrays an exotic origin.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Social England." Vol. I. Edited by H. D. Traill and J. S. Mann. London: Cassell. 1901. 7s. 6d.

This is an illustrated reprint of a work which has won a considerable popularity. Among the contributors to the first volume are Mr. York Powell, Mr. Oman, Mr. A. L. Smith, Mr. A. Hassall, and Mr. W. H. Hutton—a strong list indeed. The general introduction might be described as passable rather than profound, and if we were inclined to take a very pessimistic view of the future of England we doubt if we should find great comfort in Mr. Traill's attempt at encouragement at the end of his signed article.

"Art Sales of the Year: Current Prices of Pictures and Engravings, 1901." By J. H. Slater. London: Virtue. 1902. 30s. net.

Mr. Slater's latest effort in compilation is a monument to his untiring energy. It is the first volume of what will certainly in a few years be a valuable series. If he would confine himself more strictly to giving the public what he is pleased to term "a mere bare list of prices" and make it really quite accurate, suppressing many of his conclusions and descriptions it would be a far more serviceable and trustworthy work. It is now neither a handy list nor a "catalogue raisonné". The

"Times" Sale Reports, if reprinted and indexed, would form a model for Mr. Slater's future guidance. "Art Sales of the Year" is the only book of its kind yet published, or even attempted, and every person interested in these matters (and there should be none that is not) owes a considerable debt of gratitude to the compiler. This volume is good enough to ensure that the next one will be better. Unfortunately the type is bad and the paper unnecessarily heavy.

"The Commonwealth" (Wells Gardner, Darton and Co.) for January, contains the views—why does the editor, Canon Scott-Holland, allow the foolish "symposium" to be used in this connexion?—on "The Educational Crisis" of Canon Scott-Holland, Lord Hugh Cecil, and others. Lord Hugh Cecil would "in general terms press the desirability of a friendly understanding between Churchmen and Nonconformists on education". There is also in this issue of the "Commonwealth" an interview with Mr. Rider Haggard on the question of the rural exodus. Incidentally, he touches on one point of supreme national importance. Speaking of our fearfully small supply of food in case of a war with a great foreign nation, Mr. Haggard says: "The navy would fight, but it would not control the operations of foreign speculators in corn".

"Dod's Peerage, Baronetage and Knightage" for 1902 seems to pack into smaller compass the essential facts contained in some larger works of the same kind. It has of course been revised to date, and is a handy reference book, the recognised usefulness of which is proved by the fact that it is now in its sixty-second year.—"Hazell's Annual" for 1902 has undergone various changes of more or less importance, and contains many new articles on up-to-date subjects. As a ready reference book it is admirable, and so far as we have been able to test it, is wholly reliable.—"Who's Who" (1902) grows in bulk yearly and makes us begin to wonder whether everybody is not somebody.

The "Schoolmaster" this week contains an educational review of the year, evidently written by Dr. Macnamara. Whether one assents to all the propositions laid down in it or not, it is distinctly valuable for purposes of reference.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Le Fils des Rois. Par Charles Clincholle. Paris: Flammarion. 1901. 3f. 50c.

A short time ago, in reviewing M. Jules Huret's gay volume of interviews with all kinds of essentially Parisian celebrities, we ventured to say a word about the author's position as a literary man, his methods and his career. We described him as blithe, and, above all, benevolent; and we credited him with an almost unparalleled knowledge of Parisian life. Only one other writer is as wise in that particular direction, as blithe and as benevolent: Charles Clincholle himself, Jules Huret's confrère on the "Figaro", so that they may be regarded as veritable brothers. Zola declared that journalism was the finest of all trainings for a would-be writer, and, so far as Clincholle and Huret are concerned, he stated the truth. French journalism, of course; that amazing profession, so opposed to ours, in which style is considered, in which admirable features are as common as atrocities. Anatole France, Pierre Loti, André Theuriot—all of the French Academy—write for the newspapers; and though it would be absurd to compare Clincholle to those three "immortals"—he not being their confrère in the Academy, he not even aspiring to that honour—we do not hesitate to say that in his own line he is admirable and that he no more than many better known writers would have produced such a book as "Le Fils des Rois" without having become a member of the press. He has interviewed; he has acted as "special correspondent", in fact he has served the "Figaro" in countless ways and, as a result, is intimately acquainted with all sides of Paris life. No doubt he has been accused of turning his attention invariably to brilliant, racy spheres; ignoring calm corners, mild or wise people. But it must be argued in his defence that his style is dramatic, and that Paris after all is principally a city of adventure and intrigue. Thousands stay at home—they are the good; hundreds of thousands almost live out of doors—they are the indifferent and the bad: and as M. Charles Clincholle has been obliged through his professional pursuits to forego the pleasures of home life it is only natural that he should introduce us to those whom he has viewed on his expeditions abroad. Indeed, "Le Fils des Rois" exposes many a scheming personage: an "homme d'affaires" named Daragon (who could be encountered, however, in every fashionable resort with fashionable companions), Cavrel of the same profession (who has suspicious dealings with important people), a Senator (who should be deprived of his fauteuil), demi-mondaines and seemingly urbane adventurers and, as a relief, a highly honourable prince. Of these, Cavrel is the most capital creation. He is not only bad, he is also ugly; nothing could be more vivid than the portrait of this wily fellow whose gaunt frame and long legs and arms have gained for him the nickname of "Paraignée".

He would finance the prince, who is ruined. In return, he would persuade Prince Albert de Courtenay to introduce him into "society" where victims might be found. And Albert de Courtenay is financed, is fairly grateful, until he finds out the game of "Paraignée". Of course, swindles take place, and naturally Albert de Courtenay falls in love. There is a charming girl, and she has an indulgent father and a gay mother; and all three are injured by the "araignée". Here, however, we pause, lest we should attempt to unravel plots; and content ourselves with disclosing that, when Daragon and Cavrel quarrel, all the conspiracies are stopped, and that it is the "araignée" who suffers. We almost pity him, for he has entertained us from first to last. He ends badly:—"Et parfois il arrive que, dans les rues de Paris, les gamins suivent en riant un vieillard tout cassé sur les longues jambes repliées et dont les bras interminables semblent balayer le sol. C'est Cavrel; c'est Paraignée. Il est porteur d'affiches." However, we hope he gets an occasional sou and are resolved if ever we met him to present him with a franc. As we have said before, he is the most entertaining character in this very entertaining book.

Les Ruines en Fleurs. Par Guy de Chantepleure. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1901. 3f. 50c.

This book is dedicated to a young lady who begged M. Guy de Chantepleure to write for her "une histoire très romanesque et un peu invraisemblable"; and the young lady should be charmed, flattered. No writer is more competent to undertake so delicate a task; the author of "Fiancée d'Avril" and "Ma Conscience en Robe Rose"—his first books and, compliment indeed, crowned by the French Academy—may be described as a stylist second only to Pierre Loti, and he is a humourist as well as an observer. Indeed, we have a fine admiration for M. Guy de Chantepleure; are always pleased to review his work. However, in this case, it is not easy to give a good idea of "Les Ruines en Fleurs" the theme being too frail and fanciful. A country château in ruins, inhabited secretly by a family of Royalists who only occupy the salons at night, is the scene, and to the château comes a young soldier in quest of shelter from the storm. He, like all the villagers, expects to find the place deserted; but it is two in the morning and the Royalists are about. They play cards; they read; they are perhaps recalling the brilliant days experienced before the Revolution which crushed them and produced the First Consul. And so, as the young soldier has been serving under Napoleon and now wears his uniform, they rise in dismay. The scene that follows is delightful: the Royalists are courteous and the youngest of them all, also the most beautiful, Claude de Chanteraine, conducts the young soldier all over the château. Romantic, indeed, is the rest and the climax; also, "invraisemblable". The young soldier turns out to be the long-lost cousin of Claude de Chanteraine; they marry, they find a buried fortune, they get Napoleon's blessing, the château doors are thrown open and there are no more "Ruines en Fleurs". However, we are quite fascinated by the story; like and admire each character, and admire again the highly powerful chapter in which the young soldier visits the portrait gallery and becomes almost hypnotised by the

(Continued on page 816.)

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ancestors. At no time do we feel that all this is purely fictitious; and this is one of M. de Chantepleure's greatest charms as a writer. "Les Ruines en Fleurs" is as delicate as its predecessors and, like them, should be "crowned". Then will more honour be done the young lady to whom this delightful volume is dedicated.

La Dame et le Demi-Monsieur. Par Henri Kistemaekers. Paris: Flammarion. 1901. 3f. 50c.

M. Henri Kistemaekers has the reputation of being the most "up-to-date" of playwrights and authors; he will certainly add to that reputation through the present volume. To begin with, it is purely in dialogue; secondly, its characters are ultra-modern, almost before their time, and, then, only a very gay Parisian will understand the argot and allusions. It is also necessary to add that one of the chief personages is a demi-mondaine. Henri Maizeroy is being married in the first scene, while his best friend and Blanchette, the demi-mondaine, abuse him. And the abuse is brilliant; Montlaur, the friend, is witty, satirical. Later on, Maizeroy is seen canvassing for the elections; but his wife—the bride of a few months ago—arrives suddenly to prevent him realising that ambition. Her plot is surely original: she tells an interviewer that her husband is a scoundrel, an idiot, she insults every important person, and so her husband is shunned and then hooted when the interview appears. But Maizeroy is not an idiot. To counteract the disastrous effect occasioned by his wife's behaviour, he arranges to divorce her. We say "arrange", because the wife consents . . . on the condition that, after the election, she and Maizeroy shall marry again. However, when Maizeroy has divorced her, won his election, and invited her to return, she calmly announces that she has married another in the meantime. Why there should have been a marriage at all, we fail to understand. Indeed, we understand very little—yet are often amused. The dialogue at times is undoubtedly brilliant, and the cover is original. A long time must have elapsed since M. de Kistemaekers left Belgium.

Théâtre de Meilhac et Halévy. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1901. 3f. 50c.

Although this, the sixth, volume of Meilhac and Halévy's plays is not quite as brilliant as its predecessors, it contains that most popular comic opera, "Le Petit Duc", which Parisians first applauded enthusiastically at the Renaissance Theatre in July 1878. "Le Mari de la Débutante" and "Loulou" are both typical Palais-Royal pieces, but cannot be described as two of the most amusing farces produced by Meilhac and Halévy at that theatre.

Revue des Deux Mondes. 15 décembre. 3f.

There is an interesting account by the Comte d'Haussonville of Mademoiselle d'Aumale, one of Madame de Maintenon's numerous secretaries. Anything that throws light upon the life of Louis XIV.'s second wife, whom Döllinger has rightly called "the most influential woman in French history", cannot fail to prove fascinating to historical students. Time is gradually removing some of the prejudices with which Madame de Maintenon has been surrounded. Her power for good was perhaps less than her desire for it. M. Lebon's article on the attitude of the Berlin Conference towards the workers in mines is worth study by all those interested in labour disputes. M. Charmes treats with great ability the unsatisfactory condition of French finances and the treatment of the Budget by the Chamber.

For This Week's Books see page 818.

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WAR HONOURS AND REWARDS.

A List of Honours and Promotions in the Army for services in South Africa was issued as a Special Supplement to the Oct. 5 issue of the "ARMY AND NAVY GAZETTE." A Coloured Plate of Indian Imperial Service Corps is also presented with that number, 6s. 6d. post free.

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ASHANTI GOLDFIELDS CORPORATION.**SATISFACTORY PROGRESS.**

THE fourth annual general meeting of the shareholders of the Ashanti Goldfields Corporation, Limited, was held recently at the Holborn Restaurant. Mr. F. Gordon, Chairman of the Company, presiding.

The Secretary, Mr. C. W. Mann, read the notice calling the meeting. The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, expressed regret that their friend and colleague Mr. E. A. Cade was in ill-health, necessitating that he should take six months' leave of absence. He hoped at the end of that time to return to West Africa, and look again at the company's properties. As to the general position of the undertaking, they were in a sounder position than at the last meeting, and there was no reason why they should not go on improving. They had a magnificent property, and despite all that had been said about the difficulties with which they had to deal in West Africa, nothing but patience was required for the proper development of their properties. It was natural for people to desire speedy returns for the money they invested, but, if that desire was pushed too far with mines, they might fail in their object of getting a steady return for their money. Perhaps they had been a little too bold in declaring their liberal dividend, but he did not think so, because if there was money standing to the credit of profit and loss account, shareholders ought to have possession of it as early as possible. As to the future, if the shareholders had patience steady development and steady returns would ensue. This was not a company which wanted to proceed by leaps and bounds. Some people have an idea that they had never had any gold out of the Ashanti Goldfields territories. Well, up to the 30th June the gold had produced £62,750, and if they could get that amount out of testing work on the various levels it was very promising, and was good evidence that in the future they would get magnificent results. What had been against them from the beginning was want of communication with the mines. He had asked the Government engineers for the very latest information as to the progress of the railway, and he had received a letter giving details of the progress. Messrs. Shelford stated that they were hampered by the scarcity of labour, but they hoped to get on better under the sub-contract system. The wet season had been abnormally heavy and prolonged. With regard to what they had done, the survey they promised to Obuasi had been accomplished, though unfortunately it had been found the route was not an easy one. The survey was now proceeding to Coomassie. A completely cleared line from Sekondi should be open to the company's property by 30th June. The firm saw no reason to doubt, as they always maintained, that the rails should reach the company's property at the end of next year. There was nothing to threaten the achievement of that result except the great demand made upon the railway by the Tarquah Companies. Turning to the accounts, he thought they were exceedingly satisfactory; at any rate, they showed an amount of substance which would make them all cheerful. Some companies which had great works before them were very short of capital, but it was a most satisfactory condition of things to know with regard to this company that with all their expenditure they had invested in Government securities more than double the amount of the issued capital. He moved the adoption of the report.

Mr. G. Edwards seconded the resolution.

Mr. Daw, the mining engineer, then gave a detailed description of the developments on the company's property, and concluded by giving some figures as to the number of stamps they might expect to have in operation, stating they would have 115 at work by the end of June.

The resolution was carried unanimously.

Lord Duncannon thought that as Mr. Daw was going back to the mine they ought to let him take back a vote of thanks to the staff.

Mr. Edwards seconded this, and it was carried with great cordiality.

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A Cablegram has been received from the Head Office at Johannesburg to the following effect:—

"Mill started up again 23rd December; 90 stamps running, will be increased 140 to 50 in the course of a few days, as soon as necessary labour received."

ANDREW MOIR, London Secretary.

London Office, 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.
27th December, 1901.

FILABUSI AND INSIZA.**The Company's Prospects.**

THE first ordinary general meeting of the Filabusi and Insiza Development Company, Limited, was held on Monday at Winchester House, E.C., Mr. O. G. H. E. Kehrhn (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the directors' report and statement of accounts for the year ending 30th September last, pointed out that the Company now owned a very extensive mining property in Rhodesia, consisting of no less than 280 claims, being equal to about 600 acres. Development work had been mainly concentrated on the B.P. mine, and, as far as it had gone, the results were satisfactory and very encouraging. The width of the reef varied from 22 inches to 5 feet, and the gold shoot had already been proved to be more than 500 feet in length. From Mr. J. Coke-Ross's report, dated 2nd April, 1901, it would be seen that the average value of the ore was at that time 30 dwts.; subsequent workings, however, have disclosed the fact that this high average has not been quite maintained, and he thought it would be well, in order to remain on the safe side, to accept a somewhat lower average value, which, however, in the opinion of the engineers, will be fully as good as any in that district. Negotiations are pending in regard to a contemplated amalgamation of the B.P. Mine with some other not very far distant claims, thus forming one compact large piece of ground, which already had been partly proved to be gold-bearing, and would therefore form a very sound basis for a large mining enterprise. If this anticipated deal with the B.P. Mine was consummated, a very fair share of the new enterprise would come to them, seeing that they have in a practical way demonstrated the existence of ore bodies of good value in their property, and that therefore the advantage was not altogether with the other side. It would, no doubt, be a matter of interest to them to know that the Board have under consideration the acquisition of some more very promising mining claims in Rhodesia on very equitable and favourable terms. With regard to their West African property, he could tell them that there are now a couple of engineers with a good staff of natives on a gold property in West Africa doing prospecting work for the syndicate that had taken this matter in hand, and, although the reports so far to hand were too meagre to form final conclusions, they were, nevertheless, of such a nature as to allow them to anticipate good results in the long run. In order to further strengthen their position, and in anticipation of the much larger dimensions that the operations in Rhodesia will no doubt assume before long, the formation of an advisory Board in Bulawayo was contemplated. Mr. W. H. Haddon, J.P., ex-Mayor of Bulawayo, had already consented to be one of its members. The accounts show a very substantial reserve fund in shares, which, so far, had scarcely been touched, and on which they will, no doubt, as soon as things improve, realise all the money they required for further development work. The expenditure in London had also been kept down as much as possible, and had, by a small profitable transaction, been reduced to an insignificant amount. In summing up he might say that the year under review had been to them more one of expectancy than anything else, but, nevertheless, he could assure them that all that could possibly have been accomplished under the circumstances had been done. He was of the firm conviction that good times were coming for this country, and with it for the whole civilised world. He had every reason to hope and expect that the Company would largely benefit by the improved conditions, and that the address from the chair at the next annual general meeting would be such as to show that their expectations of to-day had been fully realised. He concluded by moving the resolution.

Lieut.-Colonel G. S. Coxon seconded the resolution, which was then put and carried unanimously.

Mr. Ross then made a statement as to the development work done by the company, and the proceedings terminated.

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